

A Trip Abroad



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W. B. Donohugh.



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To my daughter, Anna D. Hamilton.
Jan. 11th 1905. W. J. Donohugh.

—LETTERS—

.. OF ..

A Trip Abroad

.. BY ..

—W. J. DONOHUGH—



THESE LETTERS were published in the Manayunk Sentinel. They are most brief, no effort being made to give detailed accounts, but to be accurate in all statements. If they have afforded my friends pleasure I shall be fully repaid.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1904



First view of the coast
of Spain.

LETTER NUMBER ONE



ALGIERS, December 22, 1903.

We sailed from New York at 10.30 a. m. on December 8, on the staunch Steamer *Aurania* of the Cunard Line. As the steamer left the pier and wended her way down the river we continued to wave adieus to our friends as long as we could see them. It was a cool, clear morning, yet the fog hung low, obscuring our view of the city and shores.

At 12.15 we passed Sandy Hook, and soon the shores of our native land were lost to view. The pilot now left us, bearing our latest messages to the dear ones on shore.

The immense ocean liner *Kaiser Wilhelm* passed us, homeward bound, her decks loaded with passengers eagerly looking for the first glimpse of land.

Our steamer has accommodations for four hundred first cabin passengers, but we only had twenty-seven, which proved to be pleasant for all of us, as they were nearly all congenial folk and we enjoyed each other's society during the passage.

Interesting Italian Voyagers

In the third cabin, or steerage, there were over eleven hundred Italians, apparently all laborers. I conversed with some, who had been in the States a number of years and were naturalized citizens, of which they seemed quite proud.

They were returning to Italy on account of the cold weather and scarcity of work during the winter. Some had wives and families, and were going home to bring them to America.

The Italian Government supplies a Commissioner to look after the comfort of their people on the steamer, coming and going. They carefully inspect the quality and quantity of food.

They are not allowed to eat at table. Their food is supplied in pans, holding enough for six persons. Each one also receives a loaf of bread and two half pints of claret wine per day.

They are debarred the privilege of sleeping in state rooms. All ships carrying them must remove all partitions, so that the Commissioner can have a full view of them in their berths.

These travelers do not interfere with the first cabin passengers, as they are confined to the lower decks.

Our First Eight Days On the Sea

During the first four days the sea was fairly calm and few were seasick; then came a strong Northwest wind, continuing for four

days, and the sea was very rough. However, as we were going with the wind, our steamer rode the waves finely and we made good time.

On the seventh day out the billows were like mountains, but by this time we had gotten so used to the rough sea, that we thoroughly enjoyed it. We had not been seasick, "we had our sea legs on," as the sailors say, and could walk the deck maintaining an erect position. On the morning of December 17, the ninth day, we dropped anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar.

A Drive Through Gibraltar

The great rock fortress looked like a lion crouching. An old Moorish castle, many houses, and barracks for the soldiers are on the side of the rock, constituting a city of considerable size.

The harbor was filled with steamers and small boats, the whole presenting a beautiful and most picturesque sight. A good-sized lighter came out to the steamer and a number of guides came on board, with whom we arranged for a drive.

Several rowboats, loaded with oranges and other fruits for sale, quickly surrounded the steamer.

The landing was thronged with a motley crowd of Arabs and Moors in native costume, a dirty yet picturesque lot, with their gaudy colored dresses.

It looked odd to see their heads and bodies covered with heavy blankets and their legs and feet bare. Some wore low sandals.

This place belongs to the English Government and is manned by a large number of troops, some of whom we saw marching and drilling; the infantry clad in red, with small caps on the sides of their heads; the artillerymen clad in dark brown. The streets were thronged with people of many nations.

Our drive through the town was very interesting. We visited several stores and markets. One of the latter was exclusively Moorish; live poultry, eggs, game and baskets were the principal articles for sale.

At the landing we loitered awhile, watching what was doing. The only busy ones were the venders of fruits, flowers and baskets.

Thrift and Contentment Illustrated

Here was a new arrival, a small boat load of Moors just over from Tangiers, which seemed to be one family with their effects, consisting of a roll of old matting and two small boxes of goods. It impressed us with



Gibraltar

the fact of how little we can get along with if we know how.

We returned to the steamer at 2 p. m. The captain was detained on shore and therefore we did not get under way until dark, a fact that we much regretted, as we very much desired to see the other side of the great rock.

We are now on the Mediterranean Sea, and while it is often very rough, it was at this time quite calm and we had a restful night.

On the morning of the 18th the mountainous shores of Morocco came into view. It was a charming day and we were happy with the thought that we would soon be in Algiers. We were hoping that we would not land at night as we must do so in small row boats. At 8 o'clock, p. m. the lights in the city came into view and at nine o'clock we were off the harbor.

A Brilliant Night Spectacle

What a brilliantly lighted city it was. We had never beheld such a charming sight; the lights were so bright, and close together, and seemed to cover almost the entire three miles of bay front.

The passengers begged the captain to remain until morning for them to go ashore,

but he was anxious to get away and refused their request.

Roman candle signals were set off, which was a call for the pilot. Soon he came on board and the steamer was taken close to the landing.

A number of small boats were now ready to take us ashore and a lot of strange-looking dark men came on board to carry our luggage.

All was hurry and bustle, scarcely time being given to say farewell to our steamer friends. Soon we were in the boats and being rowed to the shore.

Not a word of the language of our oarsmen could we understand, but we had been told by Thomas Cook & Sons, agents, to place ourselves in the hands of the porter of the hotel we were going to and that he would pay the men and attend to everything, so that we had no trouble at all.

The porter, a gentlemanly looking individual, soon had our baggage passed by the customs inspector; then we got into St. George's Hotel coach, and in about forty minutes reached the hotel and were soon settled in our rooms. We expect to remain in Algiers for some weeks and from thence will go to Naples.



Harbor Gibraltar



St. George Hotel garden
Algiers

LETTER NUMBER TWO



ALGIERS, January 2, 1904.

This ancient city, capital of Algeria, is situated on the Southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, four hundred miles East of Gibraltar.

The bay of Algiers is wide and crescent-shaped, encircled with a chain of hills, rising gradually to the height of five hundred feet. Then comes an extensive plain, and beyond that the Atlas Mountains, some of them snow-capped.

The city is built on the Western shore of the bay, giving it a Southeastern exposure. Along the bay front is a fine wide avenue, the Rue De la Republique, with modern French buildings facing the bay.

The avenue being forty feet above sea level, is reached by long inclined streets for teams and stone stairways for pedestrians.

Back of these are a number of wide avenues, containing modern buildings, used mainly as stores. The sidewalks are arcaded, protecting shoppers from rain and sun. Electric cars run in several directions, extending into the suburbs, where are the better hotels.

To the rear of the modern French streets and buildings, and in the centre of the city, is the Arab section, perhaps a thousand years old, a solid mass of stone structures, built on the hillside one above the other, rising like steps for five hundred feet.

At the top stands the palace of the former Deys, and behind this, part of the old wall that at one time surrounded the city.

A Beautiful Picture

South and East, overlooking the city and bay, is the suburban section. The hills are covered with French villas, Moorish palaces and attractive hotels, all surrounded with groves of fine trees and luxuriant gardens, blooming with many varieties of flowers, also orange and lemon trees laden with fruit.

The harbor is protected from the billows of the boisterous sea, by extensive stone piers, one of which is connected with the land and nearly a mile long. From this pier we had a charming view of the city and suburbs, of which a faint conception can be had from the accompanying illustration.

The dazzling white houses of the city, contrasted with the deep green of the surrounding groves, fully justify the Arabs' comparison of the whole: "A diamond set in an emerald frame."

We secured a fine-looking Arab guide, who conducted us through the old Arab quarters. The streets are narrow and steep.

The longest has four hundred and ninety-seven steps, paved with blocks of stone, and the gutters are in the middle.

The streets are very irregular, and confusing to strangers. In some places the houses meet and form arches overhead.

We came to one of their ancient burial places, said to contain the remains of several Pashas. A number of tombs were inside the buildings. Some few were quite elaborate.

Repulsive Shops and Residences

In the wider parts of the streets there were butcher shops, groceries, bakeries and eating saloons. In the latter the natives gathered—eating, smoking and gambling.

These shops are merely holes or depressions in the walls, only a few feet wide and deep, with no openings except in front.

The only means of access to the houses here, is from these narrow alleys. Strong-looking doors, and small windows with iron gratings, give them a prison aspect and so they are, to the women, who have few privileges.

Our guide said: "Here is my home; I will show the ladies inside, but cannot take men."

After some urging, the ladies accepted, but admitted later that they were frightened when the door closed behind them.

Some of the Buildings Described

The interior was light and airy, a large court yard admitting light from above. The rooms were around the outer sides of the yard, living apartments on the lower floor and chambers above, opening onto balconies.

The roof was paved with brick and screened and protected by side walls extending above. Here the women get air and exercise, and, it is said, visit their neighbors. The view of the harbor from this roof was good, and so from all the roofs, as each house is higher than the one next nearer the bay.

We visited the residence of the Archbishop, which was formerly a Moorish home. It was constructed similarly to the one described, and was very beautiful.

The door frames were all of carved white marble and numerous twisted marble columns supported the balconies.

The floors and wainscoting were of fine old tiling, the ceilings carved and decorated. There was also much stucco work, and beautifully carved doors.

We visited a large Mohammedan mosque. The interior was very plain, the only decora-



City of Algiers
Africa.

tions consisting of small lamps. There were many square columns, which were covered three feet high with straw matting.

The floor was carpeted and we were obliged to put sandals over our shoes before we were permitted to walk upon the carpet. The sandals were so large that we had to slip along, much like skating. In a large open space was a beautiful marble fountain.

Mohammedans at Worship

While viewing this, we heard a deep, far-reaching voice, and looking up, saw at the top of the high minaret the turbaned head of the Muezzin, who was calling the faithful to prayer.

They came from the streets in large numbers, surrounded the fountain and washed faces, arms, limbs and feet, and went dripping wet into the mosque to pray. They knelt facing the East, looking towards Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed.

They made no distinct sound, but mumbled something, and went through many motions with hands and arms, frequently bending over and touching their foreheads on the floor.

After prayer, they wrapped their bodies in their clothing, curled up in a heap on the floor and went to sleep.

A Peculiar Parade and What It Recalled

The day before Christmas the principal business streets were crowded with Moors and Arabs, dressed in old Bible, and Arabian Nights costumes.

A number of fine-looking men, gorgeously attired, came marching from one of the narrow streets of the Arab quarters. At their head was a drummer and two men with iron clappers in their hands, making a terrible clatter.

Mingling with these strange-looking people, walking beside them and hearing them talk in their Arabic tongue, recalled to our minds the old Arabian Nights stories, so enchanting, and that wonderful magic lamp which brought all the desires of its fortunate possessor by a single rub.

It is almost as wonderful what invention and science have accomplished in this age : that in a few days we can be transported from the scenes of the New World to this old Arabian country.

A Thirty Days' Fast

We learned that the cause of all this parading and display was in celebration of the close of the Ramadan Fast, which had lasted thirty days, during which time the faithful were prohibited from eating and drinking between sunrise and sunset.

Many of the men are large and well-proportioned and with their heavily bearded, dark faces, look fierce and dangerous. We were reminded of their past history and shuddered to think of the crimes committed by the people of this section during the past four hundred years.

They were the terror and scourge of Christendom on the high seas, pirating ships and all on board, selling the men into slavery and dooming the women to lives of infamy.

After the fall of Granada, large numbers of Moors and Arabs emigrated from Spain to Algiers and became pirates. When piracy reached its height, about the year 1700, it is said there were thirty thousand captives in this city, including people of all nations and all positions in society.

A Beneficial War of Conquest

The world is greatly indebted to France for sending an army in 1830, capturing the country, rescuing all the captives, putting an end to piracy and opening this charming land to civilization.

During the seventy-four years of French occupancy there have been a number of insurrections, and even now a large number of troops are required to hold the natives in subjection.

The gaily clad French soldiers add much to the picturesqueness of the place, with their many different styles of dress. We meet them everywhere, on foot and in the saddle. There are many miles of charming drives, all good macadamized roads. The surrounding country is well-cultivated.

Grapes are raised in abundance, from which much wine is made and sent to France, as are also great quantities of vegetables, berries and fruits.

Marseilles is just across the Mediterranean, four hundred miles distant. Steamers ply between that port and Algiers twice a week.

The temperature here ranges between 50 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit, but there is much rain, and it is evident that this is not a good time to be in Algiers, although it is warmer here than at any other place on the Mediterranean.



Jarmina.

LETTER NUMBER THREE



TAORMINA, SICILY, February 6, 1904.

In my last letter I spoke of going to Biskra, but, owing to heavy snow on the Atlas Mountains blocking the railroad, we were unable to go, so on January 24 the Carpathia having arrived, bound for Naples, we took passage. The steamer remained in the harbor many hours, allowing the passengers to go ashore.

We steamed away in the afternoon. It was a bright and sunny day and the views of the city and snow-clad mountains was truly grand. The next day was also clear, and we had a fine view of the Island of Sardinia.

On the morning of January 26 we arrived in the bay of Naples. The city, built on a hill, was very attractive. The two black cones of

Vesuvius

were in full view, and from the larger cone black smoke was belching forth. It did not look dangerous, but we shuddered to think of its terrible history.

It is surprising to see the number of buildings at the base and on the sides of the volcano. They may not, however, be in as much danger as they appear.

Numerous small boats surrounded the steamer and hotel porters came on board to take charge of our trunks. While landing we were entertained by some Italian musicians.

We dined at the Hotel Eden, had a fine drive through the city, and in the evening took train for southern Italy. We had a comfortable night's journey in a Pullman sleeper.

A Picturesque Panorama

The moon shone with unusual brightness, affording glimpses of fine scenery. We reached Reggio in the morning, crossed the straits of Messina (six miles) in a small steamer, and thence took train which ran along the Ionian Sea, through groves of orange and lemon trees.

Quite near the shore were high rocky cliffs, the sides terraced and every available spot covered with vegetation. The groves, gardens and terraces were protected by solid walls from the torrents coursing down the cliffs during heavy rains.

We reached Taormina, thirty miles west of Messina, before noon. The town was in full view, six hundred feet above the sea, but the winding drive up the cliff was three miles long over a well-made, wide road, protected on the outer side by substantial masonry. We stopped at the San Domini-

can Hotel, an old convent built in the fourteenth century.

Another Magnificent View

It is charmingly located, overlooking the sea, has a well-laid-out garden, with orange, lemon and almond trees, splendid roses and many other blooming plants, and flowering vines trailing across and over our windows.

The view from this garden is most charming. The sea with its green and blue waters is always calm, being protected from the winds by high cliffs. The air is so perfectly clear that we can see many miles.

Across the strait are the snow-clad hills of Calabria. To our right a fertile plane of many miles in extent, to the foot and up the sides of Mount Etna.

This grand snow-clad volcano, ever present, is a magnificent sight. It is the highest volcano in Europe, covers four hundred and sixty square miles and is ninety miles in circumference at its base.

A Valiant but Vicious Volcano

It has had many eruptions and in 1693 A. D. partially destroyed forty towns and nearly one hundred thousand lives.

This island is full of historic interest. All the surrounding nations coveted it, and have occupied it at various times.

The Greeks under Theocles in 735 B. C. landed at this very spot, and founded the Colony of Noxos.

The walls and many columns of a large Greek theatre stand on a hill seven hundred feet high.

We noted its wonderful accoustic properties; every word spoken on the foundation of the stage could be distinctly heard at the farthest part of the gallery.

There are also many other Grecian and Roman buildings in the town and the ruins of many large castles on the mountain tops. On the main street is a fine Grecian fountain which is the principal water supply of the community. This street is about sixteen feet wide, paved with large granite blocks, and has no sidewalks.

Antiquated Ideas Prevail

The buildings are all of stone, one and two stories in height. Few of them have any openings, except the doors, and when closed in the evenings there are no signs of life.

The people seem to be industrious and excel in knitting and embroidering, but no machinery of any kind is used, and the product of all their mechanics is of the crudest kind.



Roman fountain
Taormina

We attended a fair in a neighboring town. All the wares for sale were of the commonest make ; shoes rough and shapeless, umbrellas of heavy drilling, with rough wooden handles and bamboo stretchers. A large number of poor-looking cows, black pigs, goats and sheep were exhibited.

Natives At a Fair

The farmers and their families were out in great numbers, and it was interesting to watch them.

They were curiously dressed. The women wore no hats, but fancy colored kerchiefs over head and shoulders. They seemed happy and good-natured in buying and selling. It was amusing to see them catch the large hogs, throw them on their backs, pry open their mouths with sticks and examine their throats.

Purchasers would at once lead away their stock ; cows with ropes around horns, pigs with ropes to hind legs. Small pigs, goats and lambs were carried in arms, or in sacks on the backs of donkeys.

The roads in every direction were alive with people and stock going from the fair.

At a railroad crossing our carriage and all

this concourse was stopped. The train was due and there was no means of telling when it would come, so we were held up for thirty minutes, and everybody waited patiently.

We have been so charmed with this old town that we have remained ten days. The sun has been shining nearly all the time, the air is pure and dry and the temperature even.

Healthful Mountain Trips

We have rambled over the rocky cliffs on foot and on donkeys, visiting the town of Mola, two thousand feet above sea level, and on another high peak the ruins of an old castle. Here we were charged a few centimes for admission and were entertained with stringed music.

On another trip we ascended Monte Zerreto, the higher points on foot. We were well repaid, the perfectly clear atmosphere enabling us to see a great distance.

The rides up and down these mountains were most exhilarating, and indescribably charming by reason of the ever-changing scenery, to which delights our guides added by singing Sicilian airs. We leave to-day by rail for Syracuse.



*Terraced cliffs
Taormina.*



Jaormina,



Taormina.



View from
garden of old
Convent Hotel Suormina



Ruins Greek Theatre
Taormina



Roman Amphitheatre
Syracuse.
Sicily.

LETTER NUMBER FOUR



TUNIS, February 19, 1904.

We left Taormina February 2 by train, going over the Plain of Alcantara, which extends from the sea up the slopes of Etna many miles.

Cicero in his day referred to this section as the granary of the island, and it is so considered even now. We passed through many populous towns that have been frequently destroyed and rebuilt.

We stopped at Catania, the largest city in Sicily after Palermo, having fine-looking buildings and well-paved streets. This city also is built on a lava bed, and has been destroyed several times. It has a fine harbor and has been closely identified with all the ancient and modern wars.

Reminders of Antiquity

We reached Syracuse in the afternoon and drove to the suburbs, stopping at a pleasant little hotel—the Villa Agradina. Our object in locating there was to be near the ruins. In rambling our thoughts went back two thousand, five hundred years and pictured the ancients in all their glory.

The Greek theatre is one of the largest of its kind, the seats all hewn in the solid rock. Forty-six tiers are visible, though no walls remain.

Near by is the Roman Ampitheatre, also cut in the solid rock. Here are walls and underground passages from which are openings where the lady or the lion appeared. Numerous blocks of marble from the ancient parapet lie scattered in the arena, some with inscriptions on them.

Opposite is the entrance to the Latomia del Paradiso quarry, where the Athenians were imprisoned.

At one place there is a grotto hewn in the rock, in the shape of the letter S, which is called the Ear of Dionysius. It is very high, and contracted near the top, where there is a small opening leading into a room in the rock, in which, it is said, Dionysius listened to the plotting of the prisoners.

In this chamber we could hear the slightest noise, a whisper or the tearing of paper from the deepest part of the quarry.

Near this is a street of tombs cut in the solid rock.

One of St. Paul's Pulpits

We visited an old church near our villa and a brown-robed monk led us down a flight of steps to the crypt of St. Marcian.

In this underground chapel it is claimed that St. Paul preached while he tarried in Syracuse three days.

This opens into the catacombs, said to be much larger than those in Rome. They are cut in limestone rock and show thousands of vacant tombs.

We drove to the ruins of Fort Euryelus, on a distant hill, from which we obtained a view of the whole section.

We sat there and read of the ancient battles and pictured in our minds the terrible conflicts that occurred in the harbor and on the plains about us.

One of our most interesting trips was by boat up the Anapo River. On both sides, for many miles, rise large papyrus plants, said to have been planted by the Arabs. They constitute a beautiful yet strange scene, almost tropical in character.

Interesting Legends

At the head of the river is a fine pool of spring water called the Fountain of Cyane, into which the nymph of that name was changed for opposing Pluto.

We also visited another mythical stream in the city, near the harbor, called the Fountain of Arethusa. The nymph Arethusa, pursued hither by the river god Alpheus, was changed by Diana into this fountain, but we saw no evidence of this.

The modern city is built on the island of Ortigia and connected with the main land by a bridge. A strong sea wall surrounds it and a large fort protects the entrance to the harbor.

We spent three very pleasant and interesting days in Syracuse and then took steamer for Malta, arriving there at one o'clock on the morning of February 10, the anniversary of the arrival of the Apostle Paul.

More Reminders of the Great Apostle

We were up early in the morning and drove eight miles to the ancient city of Vecchia. There we saw in the distance the bay where the Apostle was wrecked.

A Cathedral now stands upon the site of the house of Publius, the Governor who entertained St. Paul, and we were shown a grotto under the rocks where it is said he abode for three months.

During the afternoon, the capital city Valetta was filled with excitement, the people enthusiastically celebrating St. Paul's Day.

Services were held in the church, which was elaborately decorated, and the streets were thronged with paraders and sight-seers.

The city stands on a promontory high above the sea and the streets from the quay



*Myself Anaporia
Syracuse.*

are very steep ; many having long flights of steps.

The harbors are large and well-protected by forts, being regarded as impregnable as Gibraltar.

The whole island, twenty miles long and nine wide, is just one great rock in mid-ocean, and occupies a fine strategic position.

Interesting Historic Data

In 1530 A. D. the island was presented by Emperor Charles V to the Order of the Knights of Malta, after they had been expelled from Rhodes.

History relates how valiantly they defended and held it against all the attacks of the Turks.

The Cathedral of San Giovanni contains numerous chapels formerly used by the knights, in which are monuments of Grand

Masters and many relics of the Order.

The island was captured in 1800 from the French by the English and is still held by them. The population is about two hundred thousand.

The Maltese, who have white skin, straight hair and good features, are quiet and peaceful. The men dress like Europeans. The women, mostly clad in black, wear large bonnets, with capes on them reaching to the knees, making them seem to be in deep mourning.

There are but few trees on the island as there is little depth of soil, although the oranges are exceptionally fine and vegetables are grown in great quantities.

The weather was clear and warm during our stay. We sailed out of the bay at sunset on February 12, bound for Tunis.



Island of Malta



Kalta.



St. Paul's day Malta.



View of Top of Arab
Section. Tunis.



Cathedral Seville.



Tunis.
Africa.

LETTER NUMBER FIVE



TUNIS, March 2, 1904.

This ancient city, like Algiers, maintains its original Oriental character and will doubtless long continue so to do, as the French government which has been in control since 1881 has made no change within the old walls except to pave the streets.

The Modern Tunis

The new French city, with its broad avenues and fine public and private buildings almost entirely surrounds the old. The great charm of Tunis, however, is the Arabian section with its narrow streets and tiny suks, and its 80,000 Arabians and 40,000 Jews, all dressed in the picturesque Eastern costume and talking the Arabic tongue.

It is impossible to convey a proper idea of the charm and quaintness of these people. They are usually of good form, fine-featured, with many shades of skin, but no evidence of any mixture with the negro. In fact, there are few negroes here.

The streets and shops are fascinating. One is impressed with the fact that much can be accomplished in a tiny space, for the shops, only four feet square, contain both workman and a full supply of wares. As in Algiers, they have no light nor air except from the front.

In the centre of many are little shelves, upon which the gaily clad Arab sits cross-legged and without moving reaches all the goods in his place. In the large suks are handsome rugs and rare old embroidery of great value.

Arabian Business Methods

Naturally everyone is anxious to sell and runners are sent out to meet you on the street and induce you to enter their special store.

As soon as you are seated they serve you with cafe Arab, a sweet black coffee which is most refreshing. Then they proceed to show you their stock, and being fond of bargaining, they first ask you many times the true value.

It is a great pleasure to examine the beautiful things and watch the faces of the men. They never tire showing and continue to pile things up on the floor until, when you wish to escape, you find trouble to climb over them.

There are miles of these crowded narrow streets, each one devoted to its special industry, and the only way we find our way out is by noticing the direction of the sun, which one only catches glimpses of now

and then, as many of the streets are under roof, with only small skylights.

In viewing the Arab section from a high point it looks like one large, low building, the narrow open streets not showing and the roofs all being flat and of cement, the only relief being the domes and minarets of the many mosques. Christians are not allowed to enter any mosque in Tunis.

Palace and Prisons Open to Visitors

Visitors are permitted, however, to visit the palace of the Bey. Some of the rooms are beautiful and from the roof one secures the finest view of the Arab town.

We were shown the Christian prison and slave market, used during the times of piracy; also the present prison, where all accused of crime are confined before trial.

They are perfect dungeons, devoid of all comfort, neither bedding nor seats of any kind—just the stone floors to sit and sleep on. One good-faced Bedouin woman tried to tell us, through the bars, that she had been charged wrongfully with stealing a donkey. She said she bought it from a man who might have stolen it, but, if so, she did not know it.

The city is supplied with splendid water from the mountains, which is conveyed by pipes into large cement reservoirs under ground. We walked through the empty one, which was about to be cleaned, and the only sediment on the floor was fine white sand, deposited from the water; not the slightest evidence of mud or soil.

The poor people get water from public hydrants and carry it through the streets in great earthen water bottles or goat skins. In the better houses water has been introduced.

No Fire Companies

There are no fire companies, from the fact that all the houses are virtually fire-proof. Scarcely any wood is used in their construction. The floors and even the stairways are stone, and there are no means of heating, neither fire places nor chimneys. The cooking is done over earthen pots with charcoal.

We visited the Bardo, the palace of the recently deceased Bey, a few miles from the centre of the city, part of which is now used as a museum, containing numerous relics from Carthage and other cities in the section.

Here, in the great hall, is the famous Roman mosaic from Susa, the largest complete specimen in existence, representing



Among the arabs, Tunis.

Neptune in his chariot surrounded by wreathed medallions of fifty-six other deities.

The rooms in the palace are finely furnished and contain many paintings of old Beys and rulers of other countries. We were surprised and pleased to see among them a splendid life-size portrait of Washington.

The Ruins of Carthage

We have read much in history of the ancient city of Carthage and its people, and of Hannibal, who led his great army into Spain and Italy and for fifteen years besieged the Romans, getting to the very gate of Rome.

The site of that great city of Carthage, which flourished for seven hundred years, is only ten miles from Tunis. We drove there one fine day and viewed the beautiful situation.

On this promontory, overlooking the Gulf of Tunis, scarcely a stone is left standing, for Scipio deemed it best for the safety of Rome that it should be utterly destroyed.

The first four days we were in Tunis the Carnival preceding Lent was in progress. It commenced with a torchlight military parade; the second day the battle of flowers; third, the Arabian display, and fourth, the tradesmen's parade, with many pretty and unique floats.

The third day was best, when many sturdy Arabs from the surrounding country rode in upon their fiery steeds to join in the races.

Horses and men were magnificently arrayed and apparently filled with excitement. The riders loaded and fired and brandished their muskets in all possible ways while going at full speed.

On Washington's Birthday

we were entertained by the American Consul. His daughter sang, by request, that charming song: "Home, Sweet Home." in honor of John Howard Payne, the author, who was the American consul in Tunis thirty-eight years and died here in 1852. We saw his monument in the Episcopal church yard and attended service at the little Episcopal church, that being the only Protestant one here, and met the rector and his family and a number of mission workers, some of whom have been here twenty five years, teaching and striving to convert to Christianity Jewish and Arab children. There are many in their schools and some former scholars are now teachers.

The Women Here

The Moslem women here cover their faces with tight fitting black gauze, showing only the eyes. This is even less attractive than the white covering in Algiers.

Jewesses do not cover their faces, but wear a cone-shaped head dress and an outer wrap, usually of thin white silk, which covers head and shoulders, reaching below the knees.

Their slippers, which are entirely too short, are worn with the heels turned in and reach only to the hollow of the foot, leaving the back project. This makes them walk in a most ungainly fashion.

All of them are short and very stout. Of this they are proud; in fact, a Jewish maiden is not marriageable until she weighs one hundred and forty-four pounds. In order to acquire this they eat "kous-kous," a granulated wheat preparation, and, if necessary, are tied in chairs to prevent exercise.

A Jewish Wedding

We attended a Jewish wedding. The groom entered the synagogue with a few male attendants, sat on a side bench, wearing all the time a blue and white striped shawl over his shoulders.

The rabbi, standing on the opposite side of the building, read the prayer, after which the party left and we followed, going through a maze of narrow streets to the home of the bride.

As we approached, a group of children sang and gave a greeting which sounded like an Indian war-whoop.

Then we entered and climbed the stone stairway to an upper chamber. Here many guests were assembled, male and female.

The bride and four bridesmaids, splendidly dressed, were in an alcove about eight feet square. The bride sat on a bench in the back, the groom took a seat at her left, and we were given places near them. The bridesmaids stood on the bench and held a pretty silk canopy over the bride and groom, ten others at the right holding large burning candles.

The rabbi stood in front of the pair with a large glass of red wine in his hand and pronounced, from memory, a long ceremony. The contracting parties did not speak, but at the close of the ceremony the groom took from his pocket a ring, placed it on the bride's finger, and then the ear-splitting war-whoop was given again, for good luck.

Then the groom drank from the glass of wine, next the bride and the rabbi, after which there was a rush of all the men to get a taste of it. We shook hands with the couple and departed.

This will give you, I hope, some slight idea of the curious scenes and customs that surround us here and you can well understand the fascination of three weeks in such a novel atmosphere.

We leave to-day for Palermo, Sicily.



Jeivreses. Juneis..



Gala day June's.



Livini's private garden
Palermo
Italy.

LETTER NUMBER SIX



PALERMO, March 12, 1904.

We left Tunis by steamer on the evening of March 12th. The following morning we touched at Trapani, on the West coast of Sicily, and then steamed close to the beautiful mountainous coast, arriving at Palermo, on the North, about noon.

Palermo, the Capital of Sicily,

has a population of three hundred thousand, and while it is only eighty miles from Tunis, the two places are as different as day and night. Not an Arab nor Moor is seen here.

The city and suburbs occupy a fertile plain of many miles in extent, surrounded with barren, rocky mountains.

It is well laid out with paved streets, fine stores, residences and public buildings, all of plastered stone.

The business sections are thronged with people and great numbers of carriages are on the streets.

There are many beautiful private villas in the suburbs with fine old gardens, through which visitors are permitted to drive and inspect the flowers and greenhouses.

In visiting new places our first desire is to obtain the best general view, so with that in mind, we took donkeys and ascended Monte Pellegrino, over 2000 feet high.

It rises abruptly from the sea, but slopes gently towards Palermo. It is a rugged limestone rock without a tree, but there is considerable grass in places, and thousands of goats graze upon it. The view from the top is charming.

Near the summit is an immense cave called the Grotto of St. Rosalia, now converted into a church. Tradition says that St. Rosalia, a niece of the Norman King William II, while in the bloom of youth, fled here from motives of piety.

Her bones were discovered in 1624 and conveyed to Palermo. Their presence at once banished the plague then raging, and since then St. Rosalia has been the patron saint of the city.

Tombs of the Royal Dead

The Cathedral, in the heart of the town, erected in 1169, was very interesting. Here are the tombs of the kings, magnificently executed sarcophagi of porphyry, with canopies of the same.

In these are the remains of King Roger who died 1154, his daughter Constance, wife of Henry VI, Emperor Frederick II, King Henry VI, William, son of King Frederick III, and Peter II of Aragon.

But the most beautiful of all the churches is the Cappella Palatina, connected with the Royal Palace and built in 1132 by Roger II, in the Arabian Norman style.

It is a little gem, and when seen by the

early morning light, which shows to advantage the exquisite mosaics, one is filled with delight. There is about it an air of dignity, purity and sanctity that one rarely finds.

Another charming church is at Monreale, an old town situated on a mountain about eight miles from the city.

This edifice was also built in the twelfth century and is filled with mosaics representing nearly all the important events recorded in the Old and New Testaments.

We examined them with the deepest interest and then ascended to the roof, where we had a fine view of Palermo and the surrounding country.

A Gruesome Visit

Returning from Monreale we visited the Convents de' Cappuccini, in the subterranean corridors of which are 8000 mummified bodies of the former inhabitants of Palermo, clad in their robes of long ago.

They are exposed to full view, the most of them in erect positions on the walls, some in coffins with glass sides, several bodies in one coffin.

The whole scene is the most gruesome that could possibly be conceived of and the horror of the scene long remains with one.

About fifty miles from Palermo is the site of the ancient city of Segesta, founded about 500 B. C. The excursion there occupies a whole day, the first part via train, along the Northern coast of the island, skirting the beautiful blue waters of the Mediterranean with the high cliffs on the other side.

One of the Most Attractive Points

was the Gulf of Castellamare. This was formed by the mountains on each side extending into the sea for several miles.

These spurs were at least ten miles apart, making a fine cove of beautiful light blue water. Leaving the train we took carriages for six miles and then donkeys for the ascent of the mountain.

There stands one of the best preserved Doric temples of ancient times, 200 feet long and 85 wide. There are standing all the columns, 36 in number, 29 feet high and 6 in diameter.

On an adjoining hill is the ruin of a theatre, but every other vestige of the ancient city has disappeared.

During our sojourn in Palermo we have stayed at the well-known Hotel de Palmes, which is noted not only for its charm as a hotel and for the rare collection of pictures, tapestries and china, but also as the spot in which Wagner completed his Parsifal.

We have had sunshine and delightful weather here and now leave to return to Naples, hoping to find equally good weather in Italy.



Garden Palermo.



Ruins Palermo.



Naples.

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN



NAPLES, March 19, 1904.

The trip by sea from Palermo to Naples is usually boisterous, many told us of its terrors, but we again were favored with a quiet passage. We left Palermo in the evening of March 11th and arrived here the next morning at eight o'clock.

Our first desire was for news from home, so we went at once to Cook's office, which we found crowded with tourists getting letters and purchasing tickets for different trips.

We then drove to San Martino, located on the heights of St. Elmo and commanding the most charming view of the city and bay of Naples and Vesuvius.

It is a suppressed Carthusian Monastery which was built in the thirteenth century and now contains a good museum.

Virgil's Resting Place

Another charming drive was to Posilipo, a long hill that bounds Naples on the West. There are numerous beautiful villas and Virgil, the great poet, lived and died there.

We desired to see his tomb and were guided by a small boy, who led us by many steps and circuitous ways to the spot where it is said his body rests. It is guarded by a woman who for a small fee unlocked the gate and permitted us to enter.

We also visited the extensive National Museum, in the city. It contains many wonderful relics, excavated treasures from the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, together with many works of art, both paintings and statuary. We spent part of two days there, but could make merely a hurried examination. We were most charmed with the statuary.

Our visit to the Royal Palace was exceedingly pleasant. It contains many large rooms, handsomely furnished, the walls of each hung with silk tapestries and the furniture covers and curtains of the same material. Within the palace there is a fine chapel and a theatre for the exclusive use of the royal family.

A beautiful pleasure ground called the Villa Nazionale is laid out along the bay. It contains fine fountains and statuary, trees and flowers.

In a large building in the centre is an aquarium containing many curious marine animals of the Mediterranean, said to be the finest collection in the world.

Several nations, including our own, contribute towards its maintenance for the

privilege of sending naturalists to study there.

We visited many other buildings and places of interest in different sections of the city, also the stores and the streets where the poorer reside.

The people live and do much work on the streets in front of their grimy-looking homes, even wash and comb their hair and examine the heads of the children, just as unconcerned as though they were in private.

Their faces are interesting, bright black eyes, smooth olive brown skins and rosy cheeks. They look strong and healthy, due no doubt to their life in the open air, but they are poorly clad and wretchedly dirty.

A Visit to Mt. Vesuvius

We were favored with a clear bright morning for the ascent of Vesuvius. Cook & Son are entitled to much credit for providing every facility for this trip.

They have built an electric railroad and also a cable road that ascends to within a few hundred feet of the crater. The road is not entirely completed so they sent us in carriages part of the way.

We started at 8.30 from Cook's office and drove several miles through the city. The plains all about the foot of the mountain are interspersed with cottages and gardens teeming with luxuriant vineyards and vegetables.

Gradually the vegetation ceases and the mountain is one mass of cinders and lava. The lava has assumed many shapes in flowing down the sides, especially at the lower places, where it had partially cooled to a mushy consistency.

At noon we reached the point where the electric track commences. Here we lunched at a restaurant which Cook & Son have built for the convenience of tourists.

The views from every point of the ascent are simply indescribable. The clear atmosphere enabled us to see the country for many miles, with the whole of Naples and the bay.

We ascended two-thirds of the way by the electric cars, then by cable cars to within three hundred feet of the top. The balance is very steep and dangerous and guides must be taken.

The depth of soft ashes makes walking very hard so chairs and carriers are provided for those who desire them. I chose to be carried by four stalwart men, others were assisted with ropes by guides.



Pompeii

Approaching the summit we heard a curious roaring and upon reaching the top we were conducted at once to the mouth of the crater.

It was filled with smoke, which the wind blew in our faces, and laden with sulphur, so that we fled for fresh air.

A Good Look Into the Crater

The wind changed, however, and we returned and looked deep down into the heart of the crater. The sides were quite distinct and showed much sulphur.

The smoke prevented us from seeing the bottom, but while looking, four eruptions occurred, sounding like cannons bombarding, and at each explosion heavy smoke and red-hot stones were thrown up nearly to the top.

I had often wondered if I would have the courage to look into an active volcano, but strange to say, there was not the slightest fear, the whole mind was absorbed by the grandeur of the spectacle.

Descending, we were profoundly impressed with the great danger of the inhabitants on the slopes of the mountain, for we could trace the streams of lava in many directions, about gardens and buildings.

The Ruins of Pompeii

We spent five fine days in Naples and then visited the exhumed city of Pompeii. This ancient place stood on the plains seven miles distant from Vesuvius. It was prosperous and had 20,000 inhabitants.

In 63 A. D. a great earthquake partially destroyed it, but it was soon rebuilt and improved. In 79 A. D. Vesuvius developed as a volcano, first throwing out showers of pumice stone the size of beans, to the depth of three feet.

This alarmed the citizens and they all fled. Some, however, returned to obtain valuables

and about two thousand lost their lives.

The shower of ashes continued until the city was completely buried. It was entirely lost sight of for many centuries.

In 1592 the first excavations were made and since then the city has been dug out and the ashes removed. Many valuable relics, including some fine statuary, were found and removed to various museums.

A Journey Through the City

It was most interesting to walk through the streets of this deserted city. The walls and columns of many private houses and public buildings are standing, but the roofs had all fallen in with the weight of ashes and have been removed.

The streets are all narrow and paved in the roughest manner with large irregular-shaped hard stones. Many places there are deeply worn by wagon wheels.

The curb stones are a foot high and at the crossings there are two or more large stones, as high as the curbs, to enable walkers to cross during heavy rains.

There are many heavily built stone water troughs in the streets. These were supplied with flowing water through lead pipes, many of which remain.

Well-preserved Frescos

In the interior of many houses the plastered walls are in good condition and the colors of the frescoing and dainty figures painted on them are still perfect.

There is every indication that the people of Pompeii had reached a high state of culture and wealth. In wandering through the streets and houses our minds could but picture them in the midst of the comforts and enjoyments of life when the terrible catastrophe occurred.

Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii" gives a vivid description of its terrors.



Pompeii



Ruins of one of the temples
Paestum

LETTER NUMBER EIGHT



NAPLES, March 26, 1904.

We were advised by friends, before leaving home and by many whom we have since met, that we should not fail to visit a number of interesting places in the vicinity of Naples.

It being a hurried trip, we left our trunks in Naples and took train for an inland town named Cava. We remained over night and the following morning went by train to the ancient city of Paestum, where are standing the ruins of three large temples, two of them in fair condition.

The best preserved and the most beautiful one, the Temple of Neptune, stands in a position commanding a fine view of the Gulf of Salerno. This is of nearly the same proportions and general appearance as the temples at Segesta, described in a former letter.

An Indescribably Charming Drive

After examining the ruins we retraced our steps as far as Salerno, a city on the gulf of the same name. Our carriage, previously ordered from Cava, was in waiting and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we started on a most beautiful drive of fifteen miles.

The road was good, although cut out of the solid cliffs on the mountain side, requiring wonderful engineering skill and immense labor.

It followed the coast, making great detours to escape the deep gullies, ever giving wonderful glimpses of land and gulf, the mountain filled with the beautiful coloring of early spring and the water varying from the daintiest green blue to deepest indigo.

Our horses fairly flew over the Macadam road and as the sun was setting we reached the picturesque town of Amalfi.

We climbed the two hundred steps to the Hotel Cappuccini, which is on the rocky cliffs, with beautiful terraced gardens, one above the other, reaching to the mountain top.

The building was used as a convent until suppressed by the Italian government, and the little cells once inhabited by monks are now filled with the ever restless sight-seers.

We obtained charming sunny rooms, overlooking the gulf, with also a fine view of the town, and the beach beyond filled with fishing boats and nets.

Enchanting Tour Through Paper Mill Valley

We remained in this romantic spot two days. The scenes on the streets were interesting, but the paper mill valley was simply

enchanting, with its varied scenery, numerous water falls and eighteen paper mills.

They are not the great buildings we have in America, but tiny little boxes all covered with moss and ferns, with cyclamen growing by the door.

We climbed up to the very last one and went into it. The machinery was of the most antiquated character, the paper made being chiefly for wrappers and of poor quality, yet they claim that paper making was invented there!

Several miles away, on the top of the mountain, is the old town of Ravello, at one time a large city.

There is a fine old cathedral and a palace of the former ruler. The gardens are especially pretty and the view extensive.

We drove again from Amalfi to Sorrento. This was also along the mountain side and even more beautiful than the drive to Amalfi.

We stopped at noon for luncheon at a pleasant restaurant named Margherita and after an hour's rest, and the enjoyment of the views, we resumed the drive, arriving at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, in the afternoon.

This also is a beautiful town, with many good houses and stores. In ancient times it is said to have rivalled Naples and was a famous resort for wealthy Romans. It is still a great health resort in winter for foreigners and in summer for Italians.

It is especially noted for manufacturing fine inlaid wood work and silk.

We had several pleasant drives while there. Then we went by steamer to the island of Capri, also in the Bay of Naples and a most picturesque and romantic spot.

A Peculiar But Pleasant Experience

It is noted for its climate and the blue grotto, a cavern in the side of the great perpendicular cliffs that overhang the sea.

We had heard much of the beauties of the grotto and were anxious to visit it, so we secured a boat and a pleasant faced old man and a boy.

They rowed along the rocky shore about two miles, in a rough sea, the waves dashing against the rocks with great fury.

When we saw the tiny three-foot opening into the cavern and the waves dashing into it, completely hiding it from view we feared we could not enter.

A second man took the boy's place and we lay flat in the bottom of the boat and covered with mackintoshes.



Cathedral Anagni

They rowed close up to the opening and then held the boat by a chain, at the entrance, waiting for the waves to recede. In the meantime we were being well-sprinkled by the dashing waves.

Our boatmen were expert, for, at an opportune moment, we shot through the hole and found ourselves in a chamber forty feet high and several hundred long and wide. The sight within was indescribably beautiful.

The light from the small opening tints the water a most charming electric blue which is reflected over the whole interior.

While we were enjoying its charms another boat came crashing through, scraping the sides of the rock. A young German girl who was in it was completely drenched.

Our men got us out as successfully as we

had entered and they clapped their hands for joy. While on the island we took a donkey ride to the top of Lo Capo, to the ruins of the Villa di Tiberio, where, it is said, the Roman ruler Tiberius fled after the fall of Sejanus, and spent the remainder of his life.

A Peep at the German Emperor

The last day that we were in Capri the yacht of the German Emperor steamed into the harbor, and as the entire population was going to meet him, we joined the ranks and stationed ourselves where we secured a fine view as he drove past.

He went to Anacapri to call on the Princess of Norway and Sweden, who has a villa there, after which he boarded his steamer and returned to Naples.

We left for Naples the same afternoon and the following morning started for Rome.



*Paper mill run
Amalfi.*



Amalfi, from the
terrace of hotel.

LETTER NUMBER NINE



ROME, April 12, 1904.

We left Naples on the morning of March 26 by train for Rome, one hundred and fifty miles distant.

We passed through a level, fertile country, thoroughly cultivated; there were no weeds to be seen and no land wasted by fences.

There were many extensive vineyards, the vines trained on small closely trimmed trees, instead of stakes.

The long range of snow-clad Apennine Mountains was ever in view, also a nearer range called the Alban Hills from whence the early settlers of Rome came, driven away by volcanic eruptions. There are many picturesque villages on the slopes.

As we approached the city we entered the great plane known as the Campagna, once densely populated, but now deserted. Even the cultivation here is scant as the terrible fevers ravage the entire section as soon as the warm weather comes.

We then saw the ancient aqueducts and the Appian Way, over which the Apostle Paul walked, a prisoner, to be tried before Cæsar.

Our hearts thrilled with excitement with memories of the history of ancient Rome and we were anxious to be within its gates.

As soon as we were located in the hotel we took carriage and drove over the principal parts of the city. This general view enabled us in a measure to systematize our plans for sight-seeing.

Eighteen Days' Sight-seeing in Rome

We remained in Rome eighteen days; clear, beautiful spring days—the trees were putting forth their buds and leaves, and so it has been in nearly all the places we have visited—the spring has travelled with us.

We were busy all the time but could not visit all the places of interest. In fact, we were truly overwhelmed.

Think of three hundred and sixty-five churches, and almost as many palaces and museums, and all of them filled with statuary and paintings by the old masters. Then the beautiful villas and parks, in city and suburbs, besides the many ruins of ancient Rome. A detailed explanation would fill volumes.

The general appearance of the city is imposing. The streets are wide and scrupulously clean, nearly all the buildings are large, the most of them covering whole blocks of ground, of fine architectural ap-

pearance, uniform in height, five and six stories.

There are many delightful tiny breathing spaces and squares, where one suddenly discovers a choice bit of statuary, or beautiful gushing fountain or stately column telling of days and deeds gone by.

An Ancient Example For Modern Municipalities

The abundance of delicious water with which Rome is supplied comes from the Sabine Mountains, sixty miles away, all brought by gravitation and much of it through the old Roman aqueducts, built over two thousand years ago.

How much better than our modern system of permitting the pur water from the mountains to flow down our rivers, accumulating the filth and pollution of many cities before we use it. Surely the time will come when we will profit by the example of the ancients.

The present population of Rome is about five hundred thousand. Ancient Rome had several millions. It is the capital of United Italy.

The king's palace is here and numerous large public buildings. The foreign embassies are here. It is the capital of the Roman Catholic world and the home of the Pope, and a centre of both history and art.

Thus vast numbers of people are drawn hither from all over the world. During Easter week it was over-crowded and it was difficult to obtain hotel accommodations.

Services were held in St. Peter's and in nearly all the churches and great numbers attended. We went to St. Peter's many times. Its proportions, vastness and beauty are most attractive.

Think of a church holding eighty thousand people! On our last visit, when the Pope officiated, the building was packed.

A Visit to the Vatican

We visited the Vatican, where the Pope resides. It adjoins St. Peter's and is a vast building, containing over one thousand rooms and galleries. Many of them are open to the public and are filled with the choicest works of art. It takes days to see these treasures and the memory of them is a continual joy.

We had a special permit for the Borgia apartments, where are some fine old frescoes and choice old tapestries. My favorite, however, in the Vatican, is the painting of



Colosseum

Rome.

the Transfiguration by Raphael. According to my judgment, it excels them all.

On Good Friday we went to the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairs, where there are twenty-eight broad marble steps from Pilate's palace in Jerusalem, on which Jesus is said to have walked.

These can only be ascended on the knees and they were crowded with pious people so ascending. These are the steps Martin Luther was climbing when the inspiration came to him: "The just shall live by faith."

We were much interested in seeing the old Mamertine Prison, an underground dungeon where the Apostles Peter and Paul were confined. It is a dark, damp place. Prisoners were lowered into it through a hole in the floor above.

We were shown a depression in the solid rock said to have been made by Peter's head, when the guard struck him. It has been kissed by the faithful until it is quite worn, so it is now protected by iron grating.

The Tomb of Pius IX

In the basement of the church of San Lorenzo is a little chapel containing the tomb of Pius IX. It is richly decorated with beautiful mosaics and precious stones, and probably contains more jewels than any other room of the kind, although the tomb itself, according to the wish of the deceased

Pope, is of the plainest character, being simply a marble sarcophagus in a niche, painted like those in the catacombs.

The church of St. Sebastian contains a magnificent figure in marble of that saint. In fact, all the churches, palaces and museums have some choice paintings and statuary, which makes it necessary to visit many, many places.

• Rome's Protestant Churches

There are few Protestant churches in Rome. The English All Saints Episcopal Church is a creditable building, holding about six hundred people.

The Presbyterians also have a pleasant church and the American Methodist Episcopal congregation has a fine large building in a good locality. It is a mission house and theological school combined. It is five stories high and substantially built. Services are held there in English and Italian, in separate chapels, and are well-attended.

On Easter morning, the pastor, Rev. F. W. Wright, preached a most excellent sermon on The Risen Christ. We attended several services and were deeply impressed with the Christian zeal and earnestness of pastor and people.

There is so much to be seen in Rome that I must reserve until another letter a further account of what we saw and experienced.



Interior Colosseum



Appian-way,
Rome.



Rome.



The Forum
Rome.

LETTER NUMBER TEN



ROME, April 26, 1904.

We have had a number of charming drives, visiting Rome's public and private parks. The Villa Doria-Pamphili was the most beautiful. Though private grounds, there are miles of good wide drives and fine gardens and groves. Much of it reminded us of our Fairmount Park. This is open to the public two days each week.

The Villa Borghese is another extensive and beautiful place. We drove along the summit of the Janiculum Hill, where the view was most extensive. St. Peter's on our left; in front and beneath a fine view of the whole city, with the Tiber River winding through it. Here also stands a fine statue of Garibaldi, who did so much for the liberty of Italy.

Reminders of the Apostle to the Gentiles

We drove through the Pincio "hill of gardens" quite in the city, the resort of Roman wealth and fashion, and over the celebrated Appian Way, beyond the place where the disciples met the Apostle Paul as he came to Rome.

This must have been a grand thoroughfare in the ancient times. On either side of the roadway are wide spaces where the great personages were buried. The ruins of many tombs still remain, stripped of most of the statues and marble coverings.

We also went through another of the old city gates, where it is said Paul walked to the place of his execution.

Peter accompanied him, and a church has been erected upon the place where they took leave of each other.

Nearby is St. Paul's Church, erected over the spot where he was buried. It is one of the most beautiful in Rome, containing splendid ancient mosaics and charming marble walls and columns. Six of the finest columns were presented by the Viceroy of Egypt.

Nearly all the churches were erected in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but have been rebuilt and embellished from time to time by the various Popes and an enormous amount of money has been expended thereon.

Rome's Fascinating History

Modern Rome is truly beautiful and interesting, but the greatest charms are in her ancient history and ruins.

The Republic was founded about the year 753 B. C. by Romulus and Remus, twin brothers.

The legend says they were the sons of a sister of a king of one of the ancient tribes, who, being angered with her, caused her and the children to be thrown into the river Tiber.

The mother was drowned, but the children, through the interposition of the god Mars, were washed on shore and nursed by a wolf, and later adopted by a kind woman who had twelve children of her own.

The story seems to have full credence, and the wolf nursing the infants is the Italian emblem, and is seen everywhere.

Romulus when a man assumed the leadership of his people, who at that time occupied the Palatin Hill, one of the seven on which the city is built. The hill nearby now called the Capitoline was occupied by a tribe of Sabines.

Between these two hills was a level valley, about one-fourth of a mile long and half that in width. This was common ground, where all the tribes met and transacted business and when they united under one government, this place became the Roman Forum.

From time to time splendid buildings, temples and arches were erected, and it maintained its importance down to the latest period of ancient Rome.

When Rome became an Empire, all the Emperors erected beautiful buildings and temples to perpetuate their memories, both in the Roman and other forums in different parts of the city.

Ruthless Devastation

After the fall of the Empire, about 500 A. D., wanton destruction commenced. The beautiful temples were divested of their marble walls and used for the building of modern Rome.

Many of the statues were removed and many broken in pieces, and gradually the grounds of the forums became dumps for the refuse of the city, until they were completely buried and their names almost forgotten.

In 1509 A. D., Raphael formed a plan for restoring the ancient city. This was soon abandoned and again covered.

Excavations recommenced in 1803 and continued until the present. Now much of the ancient city has been dug out, and as we wandered over these historic places, guide-books in hand, reading and examining the ruins, we realized that the old Romans were wonderful people—great architects, statesmen, orators and soldiers.



In. the Forum. Rome.

Great Names Recalled

Here was the Senate chamber, where the great Cæsar presided and spoke with such eloquence, and here was he assassinated and his body burned.

Here Mark Antony delivered that eloquent oration arraigning Brutus, the assassin.

At the East end of the Forum stands the Colosseum, where a hundred thousand Romans sat and watched the games and gladiatorial contests.

During the reign of Titus, here was celebrated the One Thousandth Anniversary of the founding of Rome. One thousand wild beasts were in the arena and thousands of gladiators fighting to the death.

Near the Colosseum stands a magnificent triumphal arch, erected in memory of Emperor Constantine, when he declared himself in favor of Christianity.

One of the best preserved buildings of the ancients is the Pantheon, a round edifice with a fine dome. It is lighted by an opening in the top.

The walls are twenty feet thick and there are numerous large columns in a fairly good state of preservation. The marble of the

exterior has been removed and the metal lining of the dome was used to make the ornamental pillars for the high altar in St. Peter's.

It is said that Michael Angelo modeled the dome of St. Peter's after the dome of this old heathen temple. The building is now used as a Catholic church. Raphael, King Victor Emmanuel II and King Humbert are all buried here.

Rome Baffles Description

It is impossible to describe the many interesting places and things that we have seen during our stay and we begin to appreciate the remarks of Pope Leo, who, at one of his receptions said to a traveller :

"How long have you been in Rome?"

"One week, your holiness, and I have seen it thoroughly," was the reply.

He asked another, who said he had been in Rome three months.

The Pope replied : "Then you are beginning to know Rome."

Another said he had been in the city ten years, to which the Pope replied : "Then doubtless you have realized that you never will know Rome."



Columns of Concordia temple.



Horse trainer, Rome.

LETTER NUMBER ELEVEN



FLORENCE, April 19, 1904.

We left Rome, by train, on the afternoon of April 12 for Siena, ninety-three miles distant.

The city of Siena is built on three hills 1300 feet high and has a population of 25,000. There has been little grading done, consequently it is a city of ups and downs, with many streets so narrow and steep that carriages cannot go on them.

There are many large public and private buildings of quaint architecture and many interesting churches with beautiful frescoes. In fact, Siena is one of the richest cities in early art treasures—only Rome, Florence and Venice excelling.

A Remarkable Cathedral

The cathedral, which is its most imposing building, stands on the highest ground in the town, on the site of the heathen temple of Minerva.

It was built early in the thirteenth century, has a large dome and a high tower and is constructed, inside and out, of alternate layers of black and white marble. The front is very ornamental being richly decorated with sculpture, statues and mosaics.

The interior is most effective, especially as we saw it, with its beautiful columns bearing the flags of the Contrada and the wonderful marble floor uncovered, showing its ancient "Graffito" drawings and inlaid marbles depicting Bible scenes, and the beautiful altar bearing the sacred head of St. Catharine, the patron saint of Siena, surrounded by hundreds of burning candles.

On all sides one hears of St. Catharine. She was born and died in Siena and was greatly beloved. The house where she lived is now used as a chapel and her picture decorates many of the churches. A most charming one by Sodoma is in the old church of San Domenico.

We drove one day several miles in the country to a suppressed Franciscan monastery, especially to see a beautiful work in porcelain by the noted Andrea della Robbia.

It represented the coronation of the Virgin and was truly magnificent. The figures seemed alive and the faces lovely. The sad eyes drew you nearer, while the angel faces were bright living children and you felt like pinching the chubby little cheeks.

A Celebration in Siena

We prolonged our stay in Siena several days as a great festa was to occur, and King Victor Emanuel II was coming to participate.

The town was gaily decorated, especially

the road from the station to the Palazzo Pubblico, a large municipal building where an exhibition was to be opened by the king.

In front of this is a large D-shaped space called the Piazza del Campo, surrounded with a roadway where the annual races, called the Palio, occur.

The people are permitted to occupy the campo free. Platforms were arranged against the houses all around the course and places were sold thereon, also on the balconies and at the windows and we secured good seats for the three days.

The mornings and afternoons of two days were devoted to practice, but these were interesting and great crowds witnessed them.

The third day there was a grand parade to escort the king from the railway station. He arrived at 9 a. m. was met by a large delegation of citizens, with numerous bands, and conducted at once to the Palazzo Pubblico—to formally open the exhibition.

From our window we saw him as he passed. The people were not boisterous, but greeted him by clapping of hands, he bowing and saluting in return.

The Palio Described

The Palio is an ancient festa and has occurred twice a year since the twelfth century. The contestants are clubs or Contrade, as they are called, representing different sections of the city.

Representatives of ten contrada are selected to contest in the races. Twenty or more horses are all tried and ten are selected by the committee.

Then these are assigned by lot to the riders, and the men are allowed four trial races on the two days before the final.

On the day of and immediately preceding the race, each club repairs to its special church, taking their horse to be blessed.

This ceremony is quite interesting. In the little chapel of St. Catharine, near our quarters, the horse was led in, covered with a beautiful green and white blanket, the men wearing ancient costumes of the same color.

The priest stood in front of the horse and read a prayer, then he sprinkled the animal with holy water and blessed it.

The flags were placed on the altar, sprinkled and blessed and finally the men—for the Palio, strange as it may seem to our American ideas, is a service to Our Lady of August and therefore interwoven with religious services.



Parade before The Palisaces.
Siena. Italy.

We then repaired to our places to view the race. The people had already gathered in great numbers. The whole piazza was apparently full. All the seats were taken and there was a wonderful array of faces. The great bell in the old tower was ringing and all was expectation.

At four p. m. the first signal was fired, giving notice to clear the course. Mounted policemen appeared at one end followed by a number on foot.

It was interesting to note the quiet and gentle manner of the officers. The crowd moved slowly in front of them, but no one was pushed, hurried or treated roughly.

A Marvellous Multitude

Owing to the mass of people already in the centre of the campo, it seemed impossible to find standing room for them, yet that was the only possible available space.

It took a long time to accomplish it and I never saw such a mass of people packed so closely.

There were certainly thirty thousand in the Piazza and as many more on the balconies, seats, windows and housetops surrounding.

When the road was entirely cleared and even the police had left it, all was ready for the display.

Another signal was fired. The various contrada moved slowly from a side street onto the course.

Truly it was a most picturesque sight. There were seventeen clubs in line, all dressed in magnificent ancient costumes and each in their special colors.

In front of every club were two flag bearers and in the rear walked the horse that was to take part in the race.

The flags were of uniform size, about five feet square, with the colors and crest thereon. The flag bearers were very expert in waving and manœuvering.

They kept them constantly moving while marching and in front of the king they stopped for some minutes and gave a most excellent display, keeping them, by rapid motion, always extended.

At the finish they threw them high in the air, caught them by the poles as they came down, and bowing, moved forward, their colors still flying.

There were enough of these paraders to cover the whole course.

Following the procession were a few gaily decorated floats, one bearing the handsomely painted Palio (banner) that was to be presented to the winner of the race.

Special seats had been provided on a platform in front of the Palazzo Publico for all the paraders and when in place, with the floats as a background, they made a beautiful picture.

Exciting Sport at the Races

Now for the races! The signal was fired, ten horsemen came through the arch of the Palazzo Publico, each man wearing his club colors, and the horses without saddles or

trappings of any kind except bridles and reins.

They all gathered between the two ropes; again the signal was fired, one rope dropped, and the riders dashed forward with wild excitement, each determined to win.

They clubbed their horses and clubbed the riders in the effort to get the lead and keep each other back.

During this malee one rider—orange, blue and white—representing the Unicorn Quatro, took the lead fully two yards.

All now were striving to pass him. Once around the course, and two others were only a few paces behind the leader.

It was wonderful riding, each man laying on the whip and forcing his horse to the utmost.

On the second round, at one of the sharp turns, two men were thrown from their horses and apparently badly injured, but the riderless horses kept on to the finish.

The third round was intensely exciting. One man who had won all the trial races was now a good second and was urging his horse for the final dash, but when the signal was fired he was still three yards behind.

During all the excitement there was scarcely a sound or a cheer from the vast assemblage.

The winner and his horse and friends, with the Palio, marched in front of the King, who saluted them, and the great event was over, save that the winning contrada marched in a body, with their horse, to their chapel to return thanks.

The crowd quietly dispersed and as they began to thin out we walked homeward and to our surprise and pleasure again saw the King, on his way to the station. He is a small man, with thin face, light, sandy mustache and a kindly expression. We also saw Mark Twain, who had come from Florence to witness the races.

Ride to An Antique Mountain Town

At 8 o'clock the following morning we took carriage for a drive of twenty-five miles to San Gimignano, an ancient mountain town of 3000 inhabitants.

It is said no town in Tuscany presents so faithful a picture of Dante's time. It stands on a high hill and looks quite peculiar with its thirteen high square bell towers.

We visited the town hall and the room where Dante addressed the authorities, as a representative from Florence. Here and in the churches and museums are some fine old frescoes.

We were shown a well-preserved manuscript in the handwriting of Martin Luther, with his signature.

We visited an old garden with a quaint old well, surrounded with great quantities of blooming lilacs, and mounted an ivy-covered tower in one corner, where we had a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country.

At 3 p. m. we drove seven and a half miles to the town of Poggibonsi, where we took train for Florence, arriving at 8 p. m.



Arch of Constantine,
Rome.

LETTER NUMBER TWELVE

FLORENCE, April 29, 1904.

We spent ten days in Florence and found it a most interesting and attractive city, and justly entitled to the name the Italians delight to call it (*la Belle*).

It is situated in the valley of the Arno. The silvery river of that name courses through the centre, surrounded with gently sloping spurs of the Alpine Mountains, and these are dotted with pretty villas.

We drove along the Arno and through the city, frequently, and had two most charming drives into the surrounding country—one to Fiesole, an old Etruscan city founded before Florence.

It is situated on a hill North of the city and commands a most extensive view of Florence. Here are the remains of a Roman theatre and baths. The place is rich in historical interest.

Southeast of the city stands a Franciscan monastery, San Miniato, on a fine prominence, at one time a fortification commanded by the renowned Michael Angelo.

The drive to this place was over a fine road lined on both sides with tall cypress trees and lovely gardens, giving many delightful views.

Beautiful Ancient Architecture

Most of Florence dates from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The buildings are picturesque and interesting and associated with thrilling scenes.

There is one group in the central part of the city deserving of special mention. The Cathedral, built about 1300, constructed of alternate layers of black and white marble, its exterior very beautiful and the interior namented with fine frescoes, painting and statuary.

Beside this stands the noted Campanile, a square bell tower 292 feet high, also constructed of marble. This is richly decorated with carving and numerous statues. Ruskin claims that it is the finest building of the kind in the world.

Opposite these stands the Baptistery, an admirable octagonal structure with well-proportioned cupola. It is said to have been founded in the eighth century. Three bronze doors of beautiful design are a striking feature. It was formerly used as the cathedral and now all children born in Florence are baptized here.

While we were examining the interior, two infants were brought for baptism.

Their little bodies were wrapped tight and straight in swaddling clothes, and after quite a lengthy service the priest stood them on the font and poured a large cup of water over their heads. Then their heads were carefully dried and powdered, their caps put on and the babes returned to their mothers.

Reminders of the Good and Great Savanarola

Many buildings are closely identified with that good and great friar, Savanorola, who labored fervently for the purification and uplifting of the church he loved.

He was imprisoned, tortured and burned at the stake, but the church now appreciates his labors and honors his memory.

We visited the Monastery of San Marco, where he once resided. This building is now used as a museum and contains many beautiful frescoes by Fra Giovanni Angelico, one of Savanarola's friends who was burned at the stake with him.

We visited the church of San Marco, adjoining the monastery, and saw the pulpit from which Savanarola preached his last sermon, and the Palazzo Vecchio, a castle-like building with a high tower, where the three friars were imprisoned and tortured.

In front of the last-mentioned building they were burned at the stake. The spot is marked by a bronze slab and each year, upon the anniversary, it is strewn with flowers.

Beautiful Works of the Great Masters

We visited several museums and art galleries, all of which contain a vast number of fine works of the great masters.

The choicest pieces in the Uffizi Gallery are arranged in the "Tribune." Michael Angelo's "Group of Wrestlers" is there and his "Holy Family," his only easel painting; also a number of Raphael's pictures, including his Madonna and Child, with The Goldfinch.

We enjoyed most the statuary and paintings in the Pitti Gallery. The decorations of the rooms in the old palace are a joy in themselves.

This palace was the residence of the king at one time. The gallery contains about five hundred works, among which are the originals of both of Raphael's celebrated Madonnas.

There are also many fine pictures in other art galleries and museums, and it is claimed that Florence contains more treasures of art than any other city of its size.

An Odd Connecting Link

The Uffizi and Pitti Galleries are on opposite sides of the river Arno, but are connected by a passage way on the tops of the houses, on the ancient bridge Ponte Veechio.

It is a quaint-looking affair, has three arches or spans of solid stone work and the houses are built on both sides, projecting over and supported with braces.

These are used as stores and the bridge is a busy business street. This is in the central part of the city and many historical events and much riot and bloodshed has occurred here.

The Arno is walled on both sides and has six other substantial bridges.

One of the most noted churches is the Santa Croce, about six hundred years old. It is Gothic in structure, quite large and contains many magnificent tombs of noted people—one of Michael Angelo, designed by Vasari ; Dante's tomb, the most beautiful of all ; the tomb of Galileo and numerous others.

In front of the church stands a large statue of Dante. While his memory is now honored, it will be remembered that he also was excommunicated.

The whole city is adorned with fine old trees and gardens and blooming flowers in great luxuriance and we shall long remember it as the city of flowers and art.



Side canal, Venice.

LETTER NUMBER THIRTEEN



VENICE, May 12, 1904.

We left Florence at eleven o'clock on the morning of April 28, and just as the sun was setting, came in sight of Venice, the city in the sea!

As our train crossed the long low bridge over the lagoon, the glow on the water was charming.

We entered the great train shed, descended—before us lay the Grand Canal, covered with graceful black swan-like boats, pointed at both ends and raking up out of the water.

These were the gondolas and as we seated ourselves among the soft cushions and glided out into the stream, our hearts stood still.

A Marvelously Tinted Picture

The wonderful sunset glow was upon everything. It tinted the marble halls as they rose like dreams from the water, it added life and breath to the exquisite reflections and we sat silent, absorbing the peace about us, rocked by the sway of the gondola and charmed by the rhythm and dip of the oar of our unseen gondolier.

On, on we went—the shadows gathered round and the lights appeared and added to the charm.

We passed under the old Rialto Bridge, then into a narrow side canal, where we heard the weird calls of the gondoliers giving the signals of their course. Then came a blaze of lights and a sharp turn brought us again to the Grand Canal and our hotel.

After dinner we walked upon the Riva, a wide promenade bordering the upper end of the Grand Canal. The night was clear, the moon full, the air balmy. The water was covered with gondolas, music and song filled the air and we were enchanted. All night long the music and singing continued and we were at the windows over and over again—completely entranced.

In the morning of course the first place we visited was the Piazza of St. Mark. It is always the centre of attraction.

Here stands the beautiful Gothic palace of the Doges, a tiny corner of which caused Ruskin to write a whole book. The interior is teeming with historic interest.

We saw the room of the secret Council of Ten, where many innocents were doomed to torture and death. Also the opening in the wall where private communications were sent to the council; crossed the Bridge of Sighs over which the prisoners were taken to the dungeons, looked into the very dun-

geons and stood on the spot where the guillotine did its dreadful work.

We left it all thanking God that those awful days were past—that the beautiful palace with its carving and frescoes and silent halls alone remained to tell the tale.

The Great Church of St. Mark

Adjoining the palace is the beautiful church of St. Mark, originally the private chapel of the Doge, but now the Cathedral of Venice.

When first we saw it, the Western sun was shining full upon the structure—each column, arch and pinnacle stood out perfectly, while the old mosaics above the doors fairly shone.

It was a beautiful sight, and as we stood, the old clock struck four, the pigeons hovered round and from the corner where the campanile once stood, came the rhythm of the pile driver and the song of the unseen workmen as they toiled.

The interior of St. Mark's takes days, even weeks, to thoroughly appreciate. Its proportions are wonderful and every detail seems perfect—the beautiful marble columns gathered from many lands; the inlaid marble floors; rare mosaics covering the ceiling and upper walls, portraying scenes from the Old and New Testaments and lives of the patron saints—and the high altar with the Pala d'Oro altar piece of silver, gold and precious jewels.

The many other churches in Venice sink into insignificance when compared with St. Mark, but four of them are of special interest because they are known as Plague churches.

In the early days Venice suffered a number of times with the plague, and thousands were carried off with it. At the cessation of every plague they rendered thanks to God by building a fine church.

In these churches are many interesting pictures, and the Academy "Belle Arti," established by Napoleon in 1807, also contains a fine collection of plague pictures taken from the suppressed churches and monasteries.

Much of the early art is devoted to the portraying of sacred subjects and the same subjects appear again and again.

The Bellini Madonnas in Venice are especially noted and very beautiful; also a picture painted by Titian in his 99th year, a noble and pathetic work, representing the body of Christ, just taken from the cross,



Grand Canal, Venice.

supported by the mother. Joseph of Arimathea and Mary Magdalen are standing near.

Noted Venitian Productions

Venice has been noted for several hundreds of years for the manufacture of glass. The furnaces can be visited where one can see the workmen making the beautiful fragile pieces.

Venitian lace is also of world renown. The exquisite bits that are seen on all sides are made a stitch at a time by the women and girls of Venice—not by machine, but ALL by hand !

Practically all of Venice can be seen from a gondola, for the city is built on one hundred and eighteen small islands and has one hundred and fifty canals crossed by three hundred and eighty-five stone bridges. It is of course the ideal way to enjoy it and the restful, lazy life is a great joy after the exertion of sight-seeing in many places.

As we glided day after day upon the water,

the gondolier pointed out the places of note—the house of Desdemona, the palace where Byron lived when he wrote his "Child Harold" and the "Browning Palace"—this we visited and inspected all through.

It is most inviting and seemed to be filled with the spirit of Robert Browning and his brilliant wife. The property still belongs to their son and the furniture and pictures are just as the family left them. The son is an artist and there are fine busts of both Robert and Mrs. Browning, by him.

The Land of Sweet Content

One day we went in the gondola to the Public Garden at the far end of the Grand Canal. There are twenty acres surrounded with a strong sea wall and balustrade. The spot is filled with fine old trees and blossoming shrubs, flowers and buds. In one corner have been gathered fragments from the fallen campanile and everywhere there is the feeling of sweet content, the atmosphere that seems to pervade all Italy.



St. Mark's Cathedral



Doge's Palace, Venice.



Doges Palace and
part of St. Marks, Venice.



Milan Cathedral
Italy.



On Lake Como, opposite
Ladenabbia.



Lake Como.

LETTER NUMBER FOURTEEN



LUCERNE, May 28, 1904.

We left Venice May 11 and after nine hours journey by train arrived at the city of Milan. Our stay there was brief, but we saw a number of interesting places.

The magnificent Cathedral is claimed to be the most elaborately externally decorated church in the world. It is of pure Gothic design, has ninety-eight turrets and a vast amount of sculpture, besides two thousand marble statues. It is constructed entirely of white marble, hence is often called the wedding cake.

We drove through the city, visiting several churches and galleries, and saw the original picture of The Last Supper, by Leonardo de Vinci.

Some of the faces are faint, but it is a wonderful work of art. It is painted in oil on the wall of an old monastery, which was used by Napoleon's soldiers as a stable. They cut a doorway under the picture.

I had often read of this and supposed it must have injured the picture, but it only took away the feet of our Saviour.

We saw in one of the galleries Raphael's famous picture of The Marriage of the Virgin. It is very beautiful.

The next day we went by train to the town of Como, at the head of the lake of that name, and there took steamboat for Cadenabbia, arriving before dark.

Boating on Famous Lake Como

The trip of about seven miles was very enjoyable. The lake averages about a half-mile in width and we crossed from side to side, touching at the different landings.

When we arrived at Cadenabbia, we found that in front of our hotel—the Belle Isle—were immense arbors of roses, under which many were seated, enjoying the glow of the setting sun on the opposite shores and snow-capped mountains.

The lake is thirty miles long and has another branch called Lecco, about eight miles in length. Along all the shores rise charming wooded hills, behind which are ranges of low mountains and back of these are seen the snow-clad peaks of higher mountains, which from every point of view present charming effects.

On the lake small steamers are constantly plying from town to town, and besides, there are many small boats with competent boatmen always on call to take you on short trips or row you about the lakes.

There are a number of private villas that the public may visit on payment of a small

fee. I shall only mention the Villa Carlotta, covering extensive grounds on the mountain side, with fine walks and a great variety of trees, with acres of well-clumped flowering shrubs and great banks of exquisite roses and blooming vines, running to the very tops of the trees. As there is no very cold weather here rose bushes and other plants grow to immense proportions. In the palace were some beautiful pieces of statuary.

We joined a party of friends one day, and in a naptha launch made a tour of the Northern end of the lake, stopping at interesting places to view the sights and for luncheon.

On the shores of the lake are numbers of attractive cottages and gardens where afternoon tea is served with delicious cream and wild strawberries. These we frequently patronized during our boating trips.

A Surpassingly Enchanting Scene

On our last afternoon at Como we sat in one of these pretty spots and gazed with delight on the charming scene. Our view was toward the North end of the lake, where a snow-capped range of mountains crossed, apparently closing it. On our right, the South side of the lake, was the town of Bellagio, and on our left Cadenabbia, with her pretty shores and buildings—the placid waters of the lake between—with steamers and rowboats adding to its charm.

We could not but feel, with its combination of beauty, that Lake Como was the most charming place we had yet seen and we felt loathe to leave, but we had spent ten pleasant days there and must away!

On the morning of May 23 we drove from Cadenabbia, along the lake front to Menaggio, then ascended the mountain road, catching fine views of familiar places at every turn.

In two hours we reached Porlezza, on Lake Lugano, and boarded a small steamer, and at 4.00 p. m. reached the town of Lugano, where we remained until the next day, stopping at the Hotel Splendid, which is well-worthy of its name.

Lugano is beautifully situated, but is largely composed of hotels. At 10.30 a. m. we took train for Lucerne. The sun was shining brightly and the great snow-capped Alps stood out in all their grandeur.

We wound up the mountain sides and through fertile and populous valleys. The farmers, men and women, were making hay and the atmosphere was warm, yet the snow caps were very near. The melting snow



Lucerne,
Switzerland.

formed hundreds of cascades, which dashed over the rocks, forming crystal streams and rushing rivers.

We went through many tunnels, including the noted St. Gothard. The longest took seventeen minutes to pass through. They are cut in circles and many times we saw below the places where we had been.

It was six o'clock in the evening when we reached Lucerne and the scenes through which we had passed were indescribably beautiful. We were now

In the Heart of Switzerland

in a wonderfully picturesque section—before us the four lakes of the cantons, with beautiful green hills rising out of the waters, and beyond the whole range of snow-covered Alps.

We remained several days and thoroughly enjoyed a number of trips on the lake steamers, also the mountain trips and drives.

The town has a population of thirty thousand, but it is said as many as three hundred thousand people pass through it annually, going to and from Italy.

A number of the nearby mountains have cable roads. We ascended Mount Pilatus, 6300 feet, on one of them, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. It took one hour and twenty-five minutes to reach the summit.

There was a hotel at the top where we lunched, after which we enjoyed the panoramic views of towns and lakes below and snow-capped mountains above.

There was plenty of snow on this moun-

tain and passage ways were cut under it, through which we walked, yet it was quite warm,

Thrilling Memories Revived

There are many places near Lucerne of historic interest. Here was born the hero of the republic of Switzerland—William Tell—and many places on these rugged hills and peaceful lakes were made memorable by his skill and daring.

We visited the town of Altdorf, where the tyrant Gessler ruled. Here it was that Tell with his crossbow and arrow pierced the apple on his son's head. The places where the two stood are marked by fountains. Here also has been erected a fine bronze monument of Tell and his little son.

From Altdorf we drove ten miles along the border of the lake. Much of the road was cut out of the cliffs and some of it was tunnelled through. We passed Rutli, a sacred spot, where in 1307 the first band of patriots met and resolved to revolt against the tyrannical rule of Austria..

In the very heart of the town of Lucerne there is a remarkable glacier formation where a number of basins, or "pot holes" as they are called, have been worn in the hard rock by the action of the water whirling stones in them. The great stones, worn smooth, are still there.

Near by is the famous Lion, cut out of the solid rock, to commemorate the bravery of the Swiss soldiers in 1792.

This is another spot where we would have enjoyed remaining longer, but our time was up and we continued our journey to Paris.



Lucerne



The famous Lion.

LETTER NUMBER FIFTEEN



PARIS, June 7, 1904.

The journey from Lucerne to Paris took one long day, from 7 in the morning to 7 at night, and after the wonderful scenery we had upon entering Switzerland the exit seemed most uninteresting.

Arriving in Paris we found ourselves caught at once in the whirl of a busy life. We realized how crowded the place was, when it proved necessary to apply to half a dozen hotels before we succeeded in securing rooms.

The first day we drove through the beautiful broad boulevards lined with fine old trees, into their park, the Bois, past churches, galleries, gardens,—finding everywhere sunshine, carriages, autos and multitudes of people.

A View From the Eiffel Tower

The following morning a shower cleared the air and we hurried at once to the Eiffel Tower, for our bird's-eye view. When we reached the base a terrible sensation of the danger of ascending to the dizzy height, suddenly possessed us, but we started up and upon nearer inspection found little to fear. The top, nearly 1000 feet in mid-air, is gained by the aid of three separate elevators, each taking you a part of the distance.

The view gained is magnificent. The River Seine flows at the foot and winds through the city, encircling the tiny island from which the city grew. Upon all sides are fine buildings of uniform height, with Mansard roofs.

Occasional church spires and domes are outlined against the sky, and everywhere are trees, squares and parks, and just beyond the bend in the river lies Versailles.

Thrilling Events Recalled

Upon descending, we went at once to the "Isle de la Cite." It is a very tiny island, but upon it stands the Palace of Justice, Sainte Chapelle and the beautiful Gothic Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

The Palace of Justice was originally the palace of the French Kings and the grey towers on the North, overlooking the Seine, are the very ones in which Marie Antoinette, Robespierre and many other victims of the Revolution were imprisoned.

As we stood gazing at them, the horrible scenes of the "Reign of Terror" flashed through our minds—but the old towers were silent and gave no sign.

In the interior court stands Sainte Cha-

pelle, built by Louis IX, Saint Louise, especially as a shrine for the Crown of Thorns, and a piece of the True Cross.

These treasures have now been transferred to Notre-Dame, but the dainty Gothic chapel, with its graceful lines, inlaid pavement and stained glass windows is considered one of the most perfect ecclesiastical buildings in Paris.

At the other end of the island stands the beautiful Gothic Cathedral of Notre-Dame—its square towers and fine proportions giving it a peculiar dignity of its own.

Interesting Buildings

South of the island is the picturesque Hotel de Cluny, now containing a fine museum.

Adjoining it are the remains of an old Roman palace, supposed to have been built by the father of Constantine.

In the same section is the Luxemburg Palace with its beautiful Renaissance garden and the Luxemburg Museum and Art Gallery.

On the opposite side of the river stands the Louvre, with its wonderful collection of sculpture and paintings and adjoining it is the garden of the Tuileries.

We drove to the "Place de la Bastille," where once stood that great old castle fortress, so well known in connection with the French Revolution. Every vestige of it has disappeared and a commemorative column alone marks the spot.

Fully a mile away is another column, an obelisk from Egypt. It stands where the guillotine once held its awful sway. But all trace of those days of horror has been as it were blotted out of the memory of man and this beautiful square, filled with fountains and statues, is called the Place de la Concorde.

Napoleon's Tomb

On the Southern bank of the Seine, opposite the square, is the Hotel des Invalides, established by Napoleon as a home for old soldiers. Immediately adjoining is the church where lies the body of Napoleon.

The interior is large and bare-looking, but in the centre of the edifice, under the great dome, is an immense circular depression. A massive marble coping is all that is seen upon first glance, but upon approaching and gazing into the depth below, one is unspeakably awed—there stands simply a great polished porphyry sarcophagus, magnificent in proportions and exquisite in its simplicity.

About the base are the names of battles

won, inlaid in the pavement, and forming a guard of honor around the whole, stand the battle flags, tattered and torn and stained.

The spot fascinates young and old, rich and poor, for both the power of the general and the humanness of the man seem suddenly to unite.

The Gay Parisian Temperament

A word of the people of Paris seems absolutely necessary, yet it is almost impossible to convey a correct impression of the light-hearted, thoughtless butterflies that flit back and forth.

They are essentially made for sunny weather—the women in their dainty gowns

and picture hats, the men in their long coats and silk hats.

They seem always to be upon pleasure bent and always upon exhibition. Whether shopping, or walking, or driving, they wear their best.

The cafes are full of animation, for the Parisian thinks lightly of home. They lunch and dine at the restaurants, drink their cafe at the little tables upon the sidewalks and live always where they can see and be seen.

Such is Paris upon the warm sunny days of spring,—a city in which to find endless entertainment and amusement, a city of wonderful life and color, a city to enjoy but not to love.



Westminster Abbey



Greenwich Observatory.



*Side view Parliament
Building.*



The Tower bridge



St. Paul's
London.

LETTER NUMBER SIXTEEN



LONDON, July 5, 1904.

Tuesday, June 7, we left Paris by train, passing over a pleasant rural section. In a few hours we reached Dieppe, where we took a small steamer to cross the English Channel.

The papers had predicted a calm sea, but we trust, if that was a calm sea, we may never cross when it is rough.

The wind grew suddenly cold, the waves dashed all over the ship, and for three and one-half hours there were some very unhappy looking travellers.

There was general rejoicing when we reached the English port of Newhaven. Another hour, by train, brought us to London, in all 245 miles in nine hours.

Our First Impression of London

was one of disappointment. We had pictured the quaint old buildings of which we had read, with peaked roofs, old-fashioned doors and windows and tiny panes of glass,—instead, a modern city with the usual rows of fine houses met our view.

We drove much and rode on the tops of the cumbersome old omnibuses, which by the way afford the best of views.

As we rolled over the smooth wooden-paved streets, we gradually fell in love with London.

There is an air of solid comfort and a wondrous feeling of ease and rest in the midst of the turmoil!

There are many pretty parks both large and small, and even

The Beautiful Hyde Park

is close to the heart of the city. Thousands of beautifully dressed men and women gather there during the day, to wander over the lovely paths and upon the soft green turf, and many noted people drive in elegant equipages during the afternoons, even the royal family being often seen.

Another pleasant feature in the park is a large lake, with row-boats. A bridge crosses it, the view from which is quite extensive and most charming. We often wandered in the park and thoroughly enjoyed it.

Our sojourn of four weeks in London was a constant source of enjoyment and cannot possibly be described in one brief letter.

It is unquestionably the largest and most populous city in the world, having over six million inhabitants.

Its average diameter is nearly thirty miles, with over eight thousand streets, the total length of which exceeds three thousand miles.

We visited the National and other galleries, where there were many beautiful pictures and statues.

The most noted building in London is

Westminster Abbey

which is beautiful within and without and dates from the XIIIth century.

Within its walls for hundreds of years many royal personages have been interred and over their remains beautiful tombs have been erected.

There are also tombs and statues of well-known statesmen and soldiers, and of honored men and women of various ranks and different nations.

The "Poets' corner" contains memorials to many whose names and writings are familiar to all, and whose pens have illuminated the pages of history and furnished intellectual food for the cultured of the whole world. A number of times we were attracted to this hallowed spot. Standing in the shadow of the Abbey is

The Great Parliament Building

a massive and impressive pile on the bank of the Thames.

During a recess of Parliament we had the pleasure of examining the interior of this vast structure.

There is wonderful carving and fine wood-work throughout, and it gives the impression of great dignity, though we were surprised to find the meeting halls of both the Lords and Commons quite small and lacking all conveniences for the members, there being neither desks nor comfortable chairs for them.

St. Paul's Cathedral

is also of great interest. It is considered the masterpiece of that wonderful architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

We attended worship there and at another time inspected thoroughly its beautiful exterior and interior.

Many fine statues and tombs are there, among them our own great painter, Benjamin West, and a statue of Bishop Reginald Heber, author of that charming missionary hymn—"Greenland's Icy Mountains."

The Tower of London

historically the most interesting spot in England, is an irregular mass of buildings standing on the bank of the Thames, covering thirteen acres of ground.

There are now thirteen towers, the oldest being the White Tower, erected A. D. 1078. It has been used as a royal palace and stronghold, but is best known as a prison.



The Tower of London.

Within its dungeons have been enacted many terrible scenes of cruelty and murder, tarnishing the pages of English history.

The murder of the two little princes is supposed to have occurred in this White Tower and we ascended the very steps under which their bones were discovered. This is now used as a museum and a wonderful collection of ancient weapons and armor is shown.

The Wakefield Tower, where Henry VI was said to have been murdered, now contains the crown jewels and gold plate, valued at three million pounds.

The River Thames

double the width of the Schuylkill, courses its crooked way through the city. Formerly it was black and dirty, but now the sewage is carried to the sea by a large conduit along the bank, over which is a fine drive, forming both a useful and attractive feature.

We had a pleasant steamboat trip on the Thames, going from Westminster bridge to Greenwich, where the world-renowned observatory is located. It is the centre for all astronomical calculations for Great Britain.

During our stay in London the anniversary of the King's birthday occurred. There is always a great military display upon that day, known as "the trooping of the colors,"

when the picked men of the army appear on parade. It is a wonderful sight and we were most fortunate in securing delightful positions for viewing the scene.

The Ascot Races

also occurred and we attended on the "Gold Cup Day." The King and Queen and many of the royal family drove up the course in the royal carriages, with outriders and mounted guards. It was a gay scene. The extensive lawn, with its fine old trees, fairly teemed with happy people in gorgeous gowns. The greatest treat, however, was in witnessing

The Henley Regatta

Through a good friend we secured seats on the grand stand, where we could see almost the entire course, over a mile long.

Thousands of people were gathered on both banks of the Thames and vast numbers were in boats on the river. We had never before beheld such an extensive and picturesque sight.

There were many races, closely contested and most exciting. At the end we witnessed the presentation of the prizes and then returned to London and the next day departed, with most pleasant recollections of our sojourn and the many kind friends we met in the great city.



Trooping the colors, King's birthday - London.



Court yard Magdalen
College. Oxford.



Eton.



The long walk, bordered with famous
old trees, Windsor Park, the
Castle in distance.



Artificial ruins Windsor Park
on Virginia water.



Windsor Castle.

LETTER NUMBER SEVENTEEN



LONDON, July 6, 1904.

From London we visited the town of Windsor, 21 miles West, on the river Thames. There stands beautiful Windsor Castle, which for hundreds of years has been the residence of the royal family.

Some friends guided us about, showing us the Royal Chapels, the quaint Horseshoe Cloisters, the Curfew Tower, the sombre looking castle with its great Round Tower and the stables.

It is a massive pile of buildings and, standing as it does, surrounded by Windsor Park, has truly a kingly aspect.

From the castle gate there is a fine wide roadway lined on either side with rows of elms, planted in 1680. It is perfectly straight, three miles in length and is known as the Long Walk. An equestrian statue of George III stands at the extreme end.

To the left of the walk is Frogmore, a spot Queen Victoria dearly loved. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, long resided in Frogmore house and there the Queen built a beautiful mausoleum for her husband, Prince Albert, and now she rests beside him.

We spent a morning driving through the Windsor Great Park of 1800 acres of magnificent woodland, stopping at Virginia Water en route.

Eton College

On the other side of the river Thames a short distance from the castle stands Eton College, a famous English school founded by Henry VI. It is a quaint group of buildings. The Eton boys look very natty in their short jackets, white collars and high silk hats.

The following day we drove to Stoke Poges, the country church yard where Thomas Gray wrote his beautiful Elegy.

We were enraptured with the place—the quaint church, well-cared-for grounds, splendid trees and blooming flowers.

We lingered under the yew tree, now four hundred years old, where he sat and wrote, and gazed long at his tomb, which contains no epitaph, but we supply from his Elegy—

“Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

“No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.”

We continued our drive to the celebrated Burnham Beeches, an extensive grove of

trees eight hundred years old. We thoroughly enjoyed wandering among these giants of the forest

Charming English Country Life

After lunching in a pretty ivy-covered cottage we drove to the station and took train for Maidenhead, a pleasant village on the banks of the Thames.

We were met here by friends who gave us most delightful glimpses beyond the high stone walls and hedges of an English town and revealed beautiful homes nestled in quiet, restful gardens, overflowing with bloom and hospitality.

Next we visited Oxford, on the upper Thames. It is the seat of one of the most ancient and celebrated universities in Europe, said to have been founded in 972 by King Alfred.

There are twenty-one college buildings with three thousand students. We visited a number of the buildings, chapels and grounds, stopping a while to look at the cricket match.

Magdalen College is most attractive. Through these grounds is the celebrated Addison Walk, over which we wandered with much pleasure.

In one of the chapels we saw a magnificent painting, representing “Christ Knocking,” and in Lincoln College we stood in the very room where John Wesley once lived and where the Holy Club held its meetings.

We took train for Leamington, passing through Banbury, where we caught a glimpse of Banbury Cross—immortalized in nursery rhyme.

Ye Ancient Town of Warwick

After a drive through Leamington, we continued to the town of Warwick and stopped at an ancient hostelry called the “Woolpack”—a most comfortable old place, which we made our headquarters for several days.

Truly this was the quaintest and most ancient town we had seen. It is situated on the river Avon, on the bank of which stands Warwick Castle, one of the most stately feudal residences in England.

We were shown its halls, filled with beautiful paintings and works of art. The grounds, trees and flowers were also fine.

There was much pleasure in wandering about the old town, for such picturesque buildings we had seen nowhere else.

In our rambles we came to a low thatched



Corn Harkaway
Cottage.

cottage, entirely overgrown with ivy and surrounded by an old-fashioned garden.

We could not refrain from speaking to the old lady resident, who said she had lived there seventy years. She invited us into the cottage and served us with tea in the garden, telling us bits of the history of the town.

Beside us flowed the river Avon and in its midst stood the old ruined piers of a bridge built by William the Conqueror, while at our backs towered great Warwick Castle.

Shakespeare's Birthplace

We took an all day driving trip to Stratford and back. The house in which Shakespeare was born is now owned by the town and well-cared-for. Part of it is used for a Shakespearean museum.

It was a great pleasure to see the old house and be in the very room in which the poet was born. In the garden are fostered the trees and plants mentioned in his plays—buttercups and daisies, pansies, violets and poppies all find their place.

We drove to Shottery, where Anne Hathaway's cottage stands. Its low thatched roof and garden look no doubt much as they did when the bard came courting.

The interior, with its ancient furniture, is most interesting. We sat upon the settle, by the fire, and the spirit of sweet Anne Hathaway seemed still to linger near.

Shakespeare and his wife are buried in Holy Trinity Church, standing on the river Avon, surrounded with stately trees.

The interior of the church was quite interesting, making one feel a spirit of peacefulness and reverence.

Nearby has been erected a memorial building, containing a museum and a theatre, where Shakespearean plays are performed.

In the town a memorial fountain supporting a clock has been erected by our late townsman, George W. Childs.

The day spent in Stratford will ever be remembered with pleasure.

Our next drive was to Kenilworth, stopping on the way at Guy's Cliff, the country seat of Lord Percy, a pretty and historic spot.

Before viewing the ruins of Kenilworth Castle we visited the hotel and room where

Sir Walter Scott made his first draft of the story of Kenilworth.

The ruins are said to be the finest and most extensive in England, and we greatly enjoyed inspecting every detail. Here it was that Lord Leicester so magnificently entertained Queen Elizabeth.

We took train to Birmingham, the fourth largest town in England, the home of Mr. Chamberlain, who was at one time its Mayor. We remained but one night and continued our journey to the town of Wells in Somersetshire.

An Ever Present Spirit of Serenity

Wells is a very ancient town and is noted for its magnificent Cathedral. We spent a number of days here and were most hospitably entertained, and seemed in a peculiar way to inhale the peaceful atmosphere of the dear Cathedral town.

The Cathedral was founded in the XIIIth century and dedicated to St. Andrew. The Bishop's palace followed and the Vicar's close.

The town grew not from an industrial throb; its whole life, its very existence was and still is intertwined with the Cathedral.

Whether within the beautiful church or wandering through the town, the spirit of peace seems ever present.

The quaint old gates—"Dean's Eye" and "Penniless Porch"—lead to that central peace, the Vicar's close lures you through ivy-clad bowers by sweet music, and even when you turn completely from it, the beautiful path, ere you are aware, leads back to those wondrous never-failing wells of St. Andrew, where not only the original building gazes down upon you but its counterpart smiles from the face of the stream. From Wells we returned to London.

I cannot close this letter without referring to the charming scenery in all our drives. England is noted for her extensive grass and pasture lands, her beautiful trees and hedges, and it was a delight to behold them fresh and green, interspersed with fine cattle, sheep and deer.

There is throughout the country an air of order and cleanliness—a luxuriance of growth, but lack of weeds that is a joy.



Front view Wells
Cathedral England.



Sheakespeare monument—
erected by Geo. W. Childs of Phila.
Stratford.



Old mill Guy's Cliff.
near Kersilworth.



Amy Robsart Tower,
Kenilworth
England.



Old Chester
England.

LETTER NUMBER EIGHTEEN



DUBLIN, July 23, 1904.

Upon parting with our friends at Wells, we returned to London, especially to attend the Henley Regatta, of which I spoke in connection with the London letter.

July 8, the day after the races, we bade farewell to London and a five hours journey by train, through fine grazing lands, brought us to Birkenhead, situated on the river Mersey, opposite the city of Liverpool.

A Delightful Sojourn in Oxton

Friends welcomed us to their home, in the pretty suburban town of Oxton, which occupies an elevated position three miles from the sea.

Oxton is a characteristic modern English town. The houses are mostly of brick, commodious and artistic and surrounded by gardens. The streets are macadamized and curbed, sidewalks fine and wide, and all scrupulously clean.

The English desire for privacy is shown by stone walls, which are capped with evergreen hedges and overhanging trees, so obscuring the residences that, glancing along the streets, one sees little but the walls, hedges and trees.

We remained twelve days in Oxton. The weather was clear and pleasantly cool and we had the pleasure of meeting many charming people and being most hospitably entertained.

We visited Liverpool a number of times. It is the principal seaport and second largest city in England, situated three miles from the open sea, on the right bank of the river Mersey.

The river is about one mile wide and has many steamers plying back and forth to Birkenhead; also a tunnel railway connects the two cities. Both places are noted for their immense docks or basins for the loading and unloading of large ships.

The basins are kept full of water, so the tides do not affect the handling of freight. Great ship-building plants are on both sides of the river. The celebrated confederate steamer Alabama was built at Birkenhead.

On June 19 King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Liverpool for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of a new cathedral.

The city was handsomely decorated and the people turned out in vast numbers and gave them a most enthusiastic welcome.

We were greatly impressed throughout England with the patriotism of the people.

A Great Industrial Plant

One afternoon we drove to Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, where is located one of the plants of the Sunlight Soap Works. They have factories in America and other countries, though this perhaps is the largest.

We were astounded at the size and perfection of the plant. The factories, dwellings for employees, churches, schools, exercise and amusement buildings and play grounds occupy eighteen hundred acres of ground.

The streets are fine and the homes artistic and comfortable looking—each with its own garden.

We were shown through the works. They employ three hundred clerks and book-keepers and two thousand workers, male and female.

The plant produces two thousand tons of soap weekly and the utmost care is exercised in the selection of materials and in the manufacture.

Ye Ancient Town of Chester

We made an excursion to the old town of Chester and spent a most interesting day in examining its many points of interest. It is on the river Dee, about ten miles from Liverpool, is perhaps the most quaint and mediæval-looking town in England and still bears distinct traces of its Roman origin.

Chester is surrounded by a wall, two miles in length, on the top of which is a stone walk four feet wide. While this has been repaired in recent years, the foundations are claimed to be Roman.

We walked upon the wall and had a fine view of the city and surrounding country. There are several towers on the walls, one called the Phoenix, from which, it is said, King Charles I witnessed the defeat of his troops, in the battle of Rowton Moor, 1645.

The most unique feature of Chester is known as the "Rows," on the four main streets. The stores on the sidewalk are only one-story high and the tops of these form the footways for the stores above, the roofs of which project, forming an arcade. These stores are reached by stone steps from the sidewalks.

The most of the houses are of very ancient structure and appear quaint and unusual.

There is an interesting old cathedral, also a stately Norman Church surrounded by ivy covered ruins.

Eaton Hall, the home of the Duke of Westminster, is near Chester; also Hawar-



Water Tower on Roman
Wall. Chester

den, the picturesque home of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

The Emerald Isle

July 20 at 10.30 P. M. we left Liverpool for Belfast. The Irish Sea was perfectly calm and at nine the next morning we entered the harbor. The well-wooded, undulating shores on both sides, were quite inviting.

Upon landing we took our first ride in an Irish jaunting car, to the hotel, and then drove about the city and into the suburbs, to The Giants' Ring, a high embankment enclosing a level circular space about one-eighth of a mile in diameter. In the centre is a pile of large stones which are supposed to have been used as an altar by the Druids.

The city of Belfast, with its population of three hundred thousand, is noted for its linen and lace industries, also for large ship-building plants—some of the fine White Star liners have been constructed there.

The city has a number of fine buildings—a City Hall, Free Library, Art Museum and two colleges—Queen's Episcopal and Methodist.

The following day we went twenty-six miles by train to the old town of Downpatrick. It was a most interesting spot, containing many typical, one-story thatched cottages.

At one time the Irish Kings resided there

and St. Patrick is supposed to have founded two churches during the Vth century.

In the cemetery adjoining the old abbey is a tomb said to contain the remains of St. Patrick, St. Bridget and St. Columkill. It is covered with a large rough slab of granite.

A Reminder of Methodism's Founder

Adjoining the cemetery is a fine piece of woodland, where John Wesley preached on four different visits to Downpatrick. In his diary he refers to it as the most beautiful grove he had ever seen.

We had a fine drive through the town and visited an old ruined abbey and in the suburbs a large building and beautiful grounds devoted to the care of the insane of the county.

We then took train, fifteen miles, to Newcastle, a charming summer resort on the shore of the Irish Sea. There is a fine hotel there and an excellent golf course, but we could not linger.

The following day we staged twenty-six miles along the coast, with a range of mountains on our right, adding much to the picturesqueness of the drive. We stopped at the town of Kilkeel for luncheon and change of horses, then drove on through a number of little towns, reaching Warrenport, a small summer resort on Carlington Bay, at 4 P. M. At 6 o'clock we took train for Dublin.



Tyler residence Athol.



Downpatrick County Down.
Ireland.



*An old Street Drompatrick
Ireland.*



near Killarney, Ireland



An Irish cottage.



Lake Killarney.

LETTER NUMBER NINETEEN



ROXBOROUGH, August 6, 1904. *

Dublin, the capital of Ireland, is an attractive city with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. The river Liffey, a narrow walled stream, passes through the centre of it, but being a tide-water stream is not attractive at certain hours of the day.

There are many fine buildings—Trinity College, the Bank of Ireland, the National Museum and Library, and the National Art Gallery.

The latter contains a large number of portraits and busts of Irish celebrities, including the poets Thomas Moore and Oliver Goldsmith, the statesmen Daniel O'Connell and Henry Grattan, also Dean Swift and that grand old soldier—the Duke of Wellington. Moore, Swift, Grattan and Wellington were all born in Dublin and we visited their birthplaces.

Ancient Historic Structures

We also visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, founded in 1190. Its chief interest centres in its connection with Swift, the celebrated satirist, who preached there thirty-two years. His remains lie in the church.

The Bank of Ireland, once the Irish House of Parliament, is of Grecian architecture and quite imposing.

The last parliament was held there in 1801 and the hall of the House of Lords stands untouched, though the rest of the building is now used for banking purposes.

There is much to be seen and enjoyed in Dublin. The street scenes are interesting and we enjoyed driving through the city and through Phoenix Park, which is extensive and well-wooded.

In the Park the driver pointed out the very spots where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burk were murdered by the Invincibles in 1882.

July 26th we took train for Killarney, a five hours trip. From Killarney station we drove two miles in a jaunting car to the hotel situated on the shores of Lough Leane, the largest of the three Killarney lakes. The weather being fine we left our luggage and continued our drive around the lakes.

Passing through the beautiful grounds of Lord Herbert we stopped at the fine ruins of Muckross Abbey, a most enchanting place.

Thackery said of it: "The prettiest little bijou of a ruined abbey ever seen—a little chapel with a little chancel, a little cloister, a little dormitory, and in the midst of the cloister a huge yew-tree which darkened the whole place."

Around and over this dear bit of ruin grow hart's tongue fern and glossy ivy, while in front is the lake.

We continued our drive, going around Muckross Lake and across Brickeen Island, over the old Weir bridge, through grand old groves, passing Torc Cascade with its crystal waters rushing down the mountain side, and returned as the sun was setting to our hotel.

An Enchanting Tour

The next day we left for what they call the long tour. We went by coach about ten miles, passing first through the little town of Killarney and then through the country—where the roads were good and fine trees and pretty hedges lined the way.

We passed the splendid properties of Lord Headley and Earl Kenmare and at eleven o'clock reached the celebrated cottage of Kate Kearney, now occupied by a great-granddaughter of that noted Irish beauty.

There many saddle horses were in waiting and we were besieged by their owners, who wished to guide us through the Gap of Dunloe.

We finally succeeded in making our selection and started off, the men running beside us.

The road was narrow, skirting a small stream which widened at times into lakes.

The great feature of the pass is the height and beauty of the mountains.

We passed under the shadows of the Tomies, the Purple and 'Bull mountains, then the gorge widened and we came to the Black Valley, where, it is said, the sun's rays do not penetrate for three months in the year.

St. Patrick and the Last Snake

We halted at St. Patrick's Cottage, a one-story thatched house, so named because St. Patrick is said to have remained there three days, and in the deep lake in front of the cottage it is claimed he sank an iron cage containing the last snake of the island, commanding that it should not be liberated until "the day after to-morrow"—and as that day has not yet arrived, the snake remains in confinement.

At a number of places in the gorge we were entertained with the wonderful echo effects produced by the blowing of a bugle and firing of cannon.

At short intervals we were met by beggars and venders, usually two women together, who walked beside our horses and used the utmost persuasion and blarney to obtain a few pennies.



Meeting of the waters
Lake Killarney.

At the end of the Gap we reached a point two thousand feet high, called "The Peep o' Day," where the view back through the valley was most beautiful.

The descent to the plains through the green glades, to the head of the upper lake, was very pretty.

There a boat was in waiting with four sturdy men to row us through the lakes. They had brought us luncheon, which was most acceptable.

Gliding O'er Beautiful Lakes

Soon we were gliding over the calm waters of the upper lake and through the Long Range into Muckcross or centre lake, then to the "meeting of the waters" and to the old Weir bridge, where we shot the rapids and on to our own beautiful Lough Leane—nine miles long and five wide—dotted with its many beautiful islands.

The entire distance our crew entertained us with their inimitable Irish wit. They were well-informed and noted all the points of interest, telling us the many legends of the section.

Near a high cliff called the "Eagle's Nest" was a great rock in the water resembling the bottom of an inverted ship. This was called the "Man of war" rock.

We halted there while the captain of our crew held converse with the captain of the old man of war whom, he said, lived in the mountains.

He called in a deep, clear voice and echo answered echo time and time again.

From Killarney we drove twenty-one miles to the town of Kenmare, passing enroute vast peat bogs. We were much interested in examining the blocks as they were piled in the fields, drying—to be used as the winter's fuel.

The next day we drove eighteen miles to Glengarriffe, charmingly located on the Bay of Bantry. We crossed the bay in a small steamer to the town of Bantry and there took train to Cork, arriving at 9 P. M.

The next day, our last in Ireland, was a busy one.

The Bells of Shandon

We visited the Church of Shandon, to hear the famous bells that have been immortalized by the verses of Father Prout.

The sexton of the old church showed us the tomb of Father Prout and then took us into the bell tower and played several tunes, including "Lead, Kindly Light."

Great anticipations sometimes are not realized, but the sweetness and charm of those bells far exceeded expectation—we

were enraptured and thought of Father Prout's lines :

"With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

The finest building in Cork is the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Finn Barr. It is constructed of fine white stone and has three beautiful spires.

Our attention was called to the sunken organ, so placed that it might not obstruct the view of the beautiful windows—and unexpectedly it greatly improved the sound.

In Touch With the Blarney Stone

We went to Blarney Castle, nine miles from Cork, and wandered about the charming grounds and through the ruined castle, clear to the ramparts—and touched the noted stone.

The Castle is substantially built, a wonderful stronghold and long withstood the siege of Cromwell.

Before yielding, one of his cannon balls struck and displaced the Blarney stone.

At 5 P. M. we took train for Queenstown, eleven miles South. After locating at the hotel we visited the office of the steamship company to learn the exact time of departure for the following morning—then we took a jaunting car and viewed the city and its fine cathedral.

The town is built on the sloping side of the island, overlooking a fine large landlocked harbor.

A number of English torpedo boat destroyers lay there at anchor.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, we were on the steam launch. At 7.15 the late London mail arrived and it took thirty men over half an hour to carry the bags on board.

Then we steamed over to the Campania, boarded, and at 9 A. M. started for our native land.

We had a quiet, uneventful passage and in five days and sixteen hours dropped anchor in New York harbor.

The next morning at 8 we moved up to the dock on North River. The landing of our baggage and the custom's inspection took about two hours.

By noon we were in Philadelphia—well and delighted with our eight months of travel.



The gap of Linnloe



Blarney Castle.
Eight miles from Cork
Ireland.



Queenstown
Ireland.



Cunard S.S. Campania
waiting to take us home.



pecial 89-B
25041

